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MCADOO AND SMITH, as was expected, prevented any Democratic nomination for the Presidency for the first thirty ballots. As we go to press Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, and Franklin D. Roosevelt are all being talked of as compromise candidates, with Senators Ralston and Glass ever in the background. For the choice of Davis the third-party leaders were earnestly praying. He would set the seal of conventional conservatism upon the Democratic campaign and would draw heavily from the middle-class business men who now favor Coolidge. One thing is clear: The great forces controlling the Democratic Party have no reason to dread anything the convention may do. Stocks boomed in Wall Street on the second day, "because," said one of the leading financial writers, "it is now plain that nothing will be done at the Garden which is of a radical nature." No, and therefore the convention for all its progressive tinge will advance not at all the hour of genuine reform. It will send out no flaming apostle bent on rescuing the machinery of the government from the masters of the United States, who, as Woodrow Wilson declared in his "New Freedom," "are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the world." It will hardly choose a standard-bearer now who, like Wilson in 1912, would go before the country pledged to destroy the "invisible empire" which "has been set up above the forms of democracy."

DRAGGING RELIGION INTO POLITICS is the crime of which the Democratic convention is accused, but it was the Klan which first took the religious and racial issues into politics. The Democratic politicians have especially had to take note of them because the Klan has become such a menace in certain Democratic States as not only to threaten the supremacy of the elected civil governments where it does not own them, but to add to the already existing race war one of religion. Every argument made in the Democratic convention was of pure expediency. Four years from now, it was said, there will not be a single Klansman remaining or anyone who will remember that he was once a member of the hooded order. If you denounce it you advertise and strengthen it, so why not ignore it altogether? Fortunately, the feelings of the delegates were too deeply stirred and the result was really a sound defeat for the Klan—it was a bad defeat for it to do no better than it did. The one thing lacking in the Madison Square Garden debate was a recognition of the commercial character of the whole enterprise. It is being kept alive chiefly to line the pockets of its conscienceless organizers who take their percentage of the $10 membership fees of its dupes. No; if the price of speaking out about this monstrous defiance of law and order and decency and public freedom is the injection of a religious issue into politics, let that come. If the country founded by people in search of religious liberty cannot still fight for it, we are surely in bad straits.

AT LAST! Secretary Fall, Harry Sinclair, and the two Dohenys have been indicted, the Dohenys for bribery, Mr. Fall for accepting a bribe, and all four for conspiracy to defraud the United States. The indictments, of course, rest upon the evidence which Senator Walsh uncovered in his long and arduous investigation; but why we should have had to wait nearly six months after Doheny's confession that his son took $100,000 in a suitcase to the former Cabinet officer in New Mexico is difficult to understand. The unpleasant fact is that the Administration has not lifted a finger to stop the looting except when, as, and if forced to do so by the action of persistent senators. There is no question here as to the essential facts. Mr. Doheny and Mr. Fall have confessed; if they escape it will be only because they cannot be forced to testify against themselves. These things remain uncontroverted: While Secretary of the Interior in the Harding Administration Mr. Fall secretly transferred the navy's oil lands to Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair; he received $100,000 as a "loan," still unrepaid, from Mr. Doheny and, upon retirement, a lucrative job from Mr. Sinclair. While Wilson was still in office Mr. Doheny hired his son-in-law, Mr. McAdoo, for an even larger sum, and Mr. Sinclair bought the prestige of the Roosevelt name by hiring the brother of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy at a salary far beyond his value.

THE STATE OF MAINE did not get much attention at the conventions, but it has a governor who deserves a little limelight. Percival P. Baxter has a way of doing

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things that brings a response from the heart. Some were indignant when he set his flag at halfmast for the death of his old dog; most of the country probably felt that the tribute was sincerer and worthier than many a halfmasting for worn-out "statesmen." A few months ago Governor Baxter refused to waste time celebrating "Navy Day," and now he has objected to "National Defense Day" in terms which should be seconded by all the little dark-horse governors in the country. We like such talk as this:

> With circumstances as they are I think it unfortunate for us to make a show of our military power, even though it be for "defense" only, for by doing so we may be placed in a false position and may cause our neighbors to distrust us. . . .
>
> This nation should lead in the movement to settle our differences with other nations through the proposed world court instead of by resort to war. A national mobilization of the armed forces well might be regarded by other nations as a threat or at least a warning. It would afford them, should they seek it, an excuse for similar mobilizations. The race for supremacy thus might be begun anew, with another and far more terrible war as its result.

CABINETS COME AND CABINETS GO—but British imperialism goes an forever. The Labor Party's Cabinet has just announced that it will under no circumstances renounce the Sudan, the vast hinterland of Egypt where British capital is developing cotton fields destined to rival our own Southland. "Independent" Egypt had hoped that the advent of a "Labor" Government would bring a change. In vain—and perhaps Egypt will become a sore again. Meanwhile Irak—the uneuphonious name given to the Arab state set up in what was not so long ago known as Mesopotamia—is also feeling the steel beneath the British glove. Irak was "mandated" by the League to Great Britain, and soon thereafter the faithful Feisal, son of the puppet King of the Hedjaz, and ex-king of Syria, was established in power there with an Arab parliament made to order. The British, readers of *The Nation* will recall, had such difficulty in collecting taxes for Feisal that they used airplanes and bombed whole villages, killing men, women, and children with magnificent ruthlessness. Possibly memories of this persisted; at any rate the Iraquois—as the French called them—for a long time refused to sign the treaty which the British prepared for them. Finally, after a threat of abolition of the parliament, they voted it. But still the difficulties of British rule persist. For the Arabs of Irak now announce that they do not want Mosul.

AT MOSUL IS OIL. The British clashed over Mosul with the French when they were dividing up the spoils of the war at the peace conference. Mr. Hughes rained notes on the British until the British oil companies granted the Standard Oil a share of the Mosul pickings. The Turks have steadfastly refused to admit that Mosul belongs to Irak, and have more than hinted that they intended to sell the oil concessions of Mosul all over again without heeding the Anglo-Franco-American allotment of "rights." The Lausanne Conference nearly came to grief over Mosul oil and a new Anglo-French conference has just broken up because of inability to agree about Mosul. Mosul was mandated to England by the League of Nations along with the rest of "Irak" as defined in the Treaty of Sévres, and nominally England has been negotiating all along in the interest of Irak. Actually the interest of the British holders of an old Turkish oil concession and the British holders of a new oil concession from "independent" Irak probably has more to do with it. At any rate the Arabs of Irak have announced that they do not want Mosul, which leaves the British moral shirt-front—the Anglo-Saxon imperialism always wears a moral shirt-front—rather obviously spotted. What moral grounds will the British next discover to explain the presence of their soldier boys and their airplanes in the neighborhood of the oil-wells of Mosul?

CANADA, LIKE AUSTRALIA, South Africa, New Zealand, and India, signed the post-war treaties with Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. But when the Turkish treaty was revised at Lausanne the Dominions were not urged to attend. Lord Curzon signed for the entire British Empire. The Canadian Government, on being informed, replied that it had no objection to not being represented, but that it would be bound by the treaty only to such extent as the Canadian Parliament might decide. The Canadian Premier, in discussing the matter, referred to the British connection and to the possibility of affiliation with the United States in terms which stirred a minor tempest in the imperial British teapot. The British Empire, after all, is a fragile structure, resting upon understanding rather than upon treaty, and it would take a prophet rather than a constitutional lawyer to define the relations of the Dominions of the Empire. Increasingly they are asserting themselves in the truculent manner common to the young of this post-war generation. Canada recently signed the halibut treaty with the United States without inviting Mother England to hold the pen, and the Irish Free State has appointed its own envoy to Washington. The Peppers and Lodges, who are so eager to suppress the separate representation of the Dominions in the bodies which elect the judges of the World Court, might well reflect—if they are capable of reflection—upon the question whether it is to America's interest to discourage or encourage this tendency to independence.

CONTROVERSY OVER THE RESPONSIBILITY for the war leads to a demand which has been growing and will grow. The Allies must follow the example of Germany, Russia, and Austria and open their secret archives. Germany, of course, has always wanted it; Stresemann and Marx recently repeated the demand, believing that such publication would remove from Germany the stigma of sole responsibility for the war. Why not publish them? We have learned how doctored was the Russian Orange Book; we have proof that some at least of the contents of the French Yellow Book was falsified, and we know that the Brtiish White Book was carefully edited. Why not have the whole story so that historians can set to work in earnest instead of spending their time in wars of their own? A small group of Frenchmen have long urged it and recently the semi-official *Temps* joined them. "As time goes by, the more urgent and easier it becomes to publish the quantity of other diplomatic documents still buried in sealed files. . . . We want it cleared up, but it must be complete, and we shall not allow a false illumination." Poincaré might well have hesitated to take such a compromising step, but Herriot should have no reason for hesitation—pre-war documents will not inculpate him. And as for England, such a service would seem one of the first and easiest for a Labor Government to render.

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OF THE TWENTY REPUBLICS to the south of us six are under the military control and eight others under the financial dominion of the United States, according to an article in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* by Samuel Guy Inman. The six countries with American troops on the ground are cited as Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Panama, Nicaragua, and Honduras. Those under what is so far only an economic vassalage are Salvador, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Mexico. This situation *The Nation* has been calling to public attention for the last half dozen years. Mr. Inman mentions three ways in which we are increasing our grip on Latin America. One is by funding all outstanding loans in a given country and replacing them with one floated by American bankers. This eliminates European creditors and influence, and at the same time obtains for us—the participating bankers see to that—more or less of a stranglehold on the fiscal policy. A second method is through taking over the job of arbitrations between Latin-American republics, thus crowding out the League of Nations or European countries. The third way is through naval missions, such as those to Brazil and Peru. The only Latin-American republics not dominated by United States bullets or bankers or both are Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Venezuela.

OUR GOVERNMENT has never sent an educational mission to Latin America, says Mr. Inman, and has given no assistance to unofficial undertakings of that sort. On the other hand the Department of State "is always sure of the right to do anything that comes under the formula: 'protection of American lives and property.' Since American lives seldom are in danger, American property naturally gets first place," he remarks. He sees our imperialistic advance not only as injustice toward our neighbors but also as an avenging fate overtaking our own democracy:

> Some day we shall realize that the whole rotten mess of investigation now being played with at Washington runs directly back to the mental attitudes and the combinations involved in the policy of "cleaning up" our next-door neighbors—a phrase which may seem to have moral significance to the average innocent citizen and official, but which, for the privileged few, takes on the more modern significance of "cleaning out." No one objects to legitimate business with our neighbors. On the contrary, it is vital to all concerned. But the continuance of this dollar diplomacy, with its combination of bonds and battleships, means the destruction of our nation just as surely as it meant the destruction of Egypt and Rome and Spain and Germany and all the other nations who came to measure their greatness by their material possessions rather than by their passion for justice and by the number of their friendly neighbors.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT? Mr. Inman sees a possibility of successful opposition to our imperialistic orgy in the League of Nations, in the pan-Latin movement (exemplified by the entente between Italy and Spain), and in the proposed Latin-American league. For our part we have scant hope in the first two. The chances of the second depend upon the power of the nations to the south to modify their strident nationalism and to abandon sterile politics for constructive action. Fortunately, this is coming to be seen clearly by the more thoughtful Latin Americans. The Argentine writer, Manuel Ugarte, in his book "The Destiny of a Continent" shows his appreciation of the fact that to thwart the imperialism of Uncle Sam the Latin Americans must beat him to it in the development of their countries. Likewise José Vasconcelos, formerly Minister of Education in Mexico, as the *Living Age* reports, wrote lately to the exiled president of the University Federation of Peru:

> Our culture is all in our heads. It does not externalize itself in our surroundings. In Peru, in Mexico, in Chile, foreigners build the railways and the bridges, work the mines, administer all the important enterprises. The natives live on politics, on the incomes of their landed properties, or on miserable government salaries. This is why we have never succeeded in becoming truly independent nations. We have devised fictitious sovereignties that serve chiefly as an excuse for idling twenty or thirty days each year to commemorate battles fought for nothing, and constitutions that achieved nothing. . . . We are vain, but we lack pride. We fancy ourselves the finest people in the world, and yet we are not ashamed to live like parasites in a country where foreigners are developing the natural resources and carrying out all the constructive enterprises.

CHICKENS DO COME HOME to roost. Of all our imperialistic aggressions in the Caribbean nothing has been quite so flagrant or far-reaching as our invasion of Haiti. It is a stench that cannot be aired abroad without embarrassment to any American present. Hence we are always glad when somebody takes off the lid, for there is nothing more likely to bring sober self-analysis than to be shamed when company is present. At the Pan-American Conference in Santiago Haitian representatives, although denied a formal opportunity to state their case, nevertheless succeeded in getting the floor to the obvious discomfiture of the delegates from the United States. Now Dantes Bellegarde, Haitian minister to Paris, has made it equally unpleasant for the American delegates at the sessions of the League of Nations Associations. At a meeting of the political commission he presented a resolution reciting that without ever having declared war upon Haiti the United States has been in forcible occupation since 1915; he demanded immediate withdrawal. The American delegation succeeded in sidetracking this resolution for one of polite inconsequence, but every time the lid is raised it is harder to keep the mess from smelling to heaven.

"IN THE NATIONAL ELECTIONS Frenchmen turned their backs upon the 1,325,000 war dead of France. . . . A ragtag and bobtail of Defeatists and Reds has been raised to power by Frenchmen"—thus the once respected New York *Evening Post*, now issued by the owner of the *Saturday Evening Post* as a sort of suburban edition of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. The French elections annoyed the gentleman who had been invited to lunch with Premier Poincaré, and the peppery editorial expressed his partisanship with magnificent gusto. "A Black Sunday for France," that editorial of May 13 was headed. In June a group of Italian-Americans met in Carnegie Hall to protest against the murder of Matteotti. The passionate *Post* changed its tune. "Active partisanship in this country with respect to the internal policies of any other is out of place," it said, "Our foreign-born citizens," it patronizingly added, must learn to control their emotions. They must, to put the matter succinctly, "learn to be like the native American in this." Well, well! Like the gentleman who wrote about the "ragtag and bobtail of Defeatists and Reds" in France?

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La Follette the Wrecker

HOW shall we protect the home and fireside, yes, the country, from this man La Follette, whom certain reckless insurgents are about to nominate for the Presidency, thereby jeopardizing the chances of so noble and elevated, so gifted and intellectual a patriot as Calvin Coolidge? We confess our bewilderment, our sense of discouragement. Since 1908 his platforms have regularly been thrown out of the Republican conventions as seditious. He has been denounced as a wild-eyed radical, a pro-German, a disloyalist. A committee to investigate him nearly drove him from the Senate. He has been pilloried and sent to Coventry, and yet he survives. Our daily press assures us that only the "lunatic fringe" of the country is for him, but there was a majority of 375,000 of the lunatic fringe which voted for him in his own State two years ago. And now he is, despite all his radicalism, all his destructive theories and acts, to be run for the Presidency by the discontented, the down-and-out, the discouraged, and the disappointed.

Let us examine the extent of this man's wrongdoing as set forth in the platform laid before the Republican Convention in Cleveland and indignantly spurned by it. The merest glance at it shows how it plans to strike at the very foundations of our national prosperity—it opposes the Mellon tax plan, would increase inheritance taxes, and would tax excess profits, besides favoring the soldier bonus, thus setting its judgment against Mr. Mellon, who has assured us on his word of honor, as one of the richest men in America, that if his proposals are not accepted there will not be enough loose capital available to carry on the industry of America and further to develop our resources. More than that, the La Follette program calls for the repeal of the Esch-Cummins railroad law and the fixing of railroad rates upon the radical and revolutionary basis of actual prudent investment and cost of service. Then it takes the final plunge of declaring for public ownership of railroads. True, it would sugar-coat this pill by asserting that this must be done with "definite safeguards against bureaucratic control." But we all know what it would mean if the railroads of this country were withdrawn from the control of the combination of capitalists who manage our banks, our public-service corporations, our oil companies, and our mining corporations.

Further to camouflage the menace of these proposals the La Follette platform speaks of collecting the foreign-loan interest and recovering the war stealings—as if to do the latter would not in itself unsettle a good many businesses and disturb many happy and prosperous members of our business world. Again, it would promote cooperation between producers and consumers and thus commit the grave injustice of wiping out in part that large class of invaluable go-betweens, the middlemen. It would further revoke the oil concessions granted in the administration of that noble citizen and soldier in the faith, Warren G. Harding. While it appears to favor super- and water-power systems, to which big business is now in its wisdom turning, it masks behind that its proposal for public ownership of all water-power, another abominable scheme to put the government into private business. Almost worst of all is its declaration in favor of a reduction of the tariff. That is, of course, conceived simply and solely for the purpose of unsettling business and striking a blow at the vested manufactures of the country, built up by the sweat of American labor's brow and the skill of its capitalist directors. Then the Wisconsin wreckers would lay ruthless hands upon the federal-reserve and farm-loan systems, on the excuse of democratizing them in the interest of the farmers. Further to bid for the farmer vote, the La Follette platform promises to protect farmer organizations, to aid them in their collective bargaining, and to reduce freight rates.

When we come to labor questions the full extent of this demagoguery is apparent. La Follette actually proposes to take the workmen's child out of the mills and factories in which it is so much better employed than running around the streets and getting killed by automobiles. Just when so many New England mills have established Southern branches or moved their whole plants to the South to escape the harsh and unjust child-labor laws of New England, comes this other deadly blow at industry, for, though the pending amendment only permits Congress to legislate on the child-labor question, interference with the personal liberty of children over twelve years of age to work as many hours a day as they see fit at any wage would inevitably follow. Again, it is a sop to labor to promise to abolish the injunction in labor disputes, that proved and efficient safeguard to our social structure. From this point it is but a step to the direct nomination and election of Presidents, the federal initiative and referendum, and the nation-wide referendum on war which Mr. La Follette has plainly borrowed from another wicked disturber of business, William J. Bryan.

When it comes to the foreign part of the La Follette policy he is plainly still pacifist, pro-German, unpatriotic, and disloyal. He actually wishes to revise the Treaty of Versailles on the pretense that it should be made to conform to the terms of the armistice to which the United States attached its word. Mr. La Follette would further abolish conscription and reduce armaments. He would strike at the safety of every farm in Iowa and Nebraska by curtailing the $800,000,000 now spent annually for the army and navy. Then Senator La Follette shows his hatred of the war-making branches of the government by desiring to promote treaties to outlaw war and he denounces the all-wise policy of our recent administrations in Washington, both Democratic and Republican, in creating opportunities abroad for American investments and then protecting them by our troops and our ships, by speaking of "the mercenary system of degraded foreign policy . . . which has at times degraded our State Department and its high service as a strong and kindly intermediary for defenseless governments to a trading outpost for those interest- and concession-seekers engaged in the exploitation of weaker nations. . . ."

Fortunately only vapid idealists, silly sentimentalists, and subversive journals like *The Nation* may be counted on to defend such wickedness. The sound common sense of the American people will surely rally to the defense of our Morgans and Garys and Sinclairs and Dohenys and Mellons and prevent this threatened assault upon our established customs, the priceless liberties of the men of business who have made us great and strong. Yes, upon our Government itself.

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Everest Wins

TWO young men are dead on the side of Everest. Thousands of feet above the uttermost limits of endurance for plant or animal, in a region as lifeless as the frozen mountains of the moon, they lie. Their bodies are no more than rigid fragments of the icy peak that rises above them, tiny monuments to a courage greater than human strength, more lasting than human breath. No one will ever know what misstep or treacherous foothold ended the climb of Mallory and Irvine. They were seen from the last camp "going strong" at about 28,000 feet. The summit was still a thousand feet above them, but they carried oxygen and the weather was fair. And then—they failed to come back. The weather changed, and Norton, the leader of the expedition, stricken with snow-blindness at a lower camp, refused to allow any of the men to venture up beyond the highest camp in search of them.

Thus the Everest epic ends, for this year at least, in tragedy and defeat. Like some voracious she-deity, guarded by mysteries of cold and wind and snow, the mountain demands of the desperate pilgrims toward her summit an offering of human life in return for their ultimate defeat. And still the pilgrims return, to struggle, and die if need be, in the hope of reaching that unfriendly shrine.

The expedition this year was equipped for victory. The trials and experiences of two years were in the packs and in the minds of its members. They were ready to try the chances with oxygen and the faint chance without. If their defeat has proved anything it is the hopelessness of reaching the top without oxygen. Norton and Somervell made the attempt and were forced to turn back at about 28,000 feet by the unendurable exhaustion that makes every motion at that altitude an agony. They left the highest camp, pitched in a rocky basin at 26,700 feet, in the early morning. With the temperature far below zero and the face of the mountain in shadow, they struggled slowly up over ledges of rock and patches of snow. But they were too near the thin breathless spaces beyond all air. Somervell's own words, printed in the New York *Times* of June 26, tell best of the end of their effort:

> At about 27,500 feet there was an almost sudden change. A little lower down we could walk comfortably, taking three or four breaths for each step, but now seven, eight, or ten complete respirations were necessary for every single step forward. Even at this slow rate of progress we had to indulge in a rest for a minute or two at every twenty or thirty yards.
>
> At a level of somewhere about 28,000 feet I told Norton I could only hinder him and his chance of reaching the summit if I tried to go any further, as an intensely sore throat added greatly to the misery of my fight. I suggested he should climb the mountain, if he could, by himself, and settled down on a sunny ledge to watch him do it.
>
> But Norton himself was not far from the end of his tether. From my seat I watched him slowly rise—but how slowly!—and after an hour I doubt whether he had risen eight feet above my level. He realized that a successful issue to the fight was impossible and after a little returned. We agreed reluctantly that the game was up. . . . So, with our heavy hearts beating over 180 to the minute, we returned and retraced our steps, but slowly, for even a downhill movement at this level is rather hard and breathless work. . . .
>
> There is nothing to complain of. We established camps; our porters played up well; we obtained sleep even at the highest altitude, nearly 27,000 feet, and we had gorgeous days for the climb, almost windless and brilliantly fine, yet we were unable to get to the summit. So we have no excuse. We have been beaten in a fair fight—beaten by the height of a mountain and by our own shortness of breath—but the fight was worth it, worth it every time, and we shall cherish the privilege of defeat by the world's greatest mountain.

They rested in camp awaiting news of Irvine and Mallory, who had set out on the day they turned back hoping to "reinforce the feeble summit air by artificially provided oxygen"—but Irvine and Mallory never came.

The case is not yet proved against the chance of success with oxygen. The climbers seemed to be moving without difficulty at the height at which their predecessors had been forced to turn back. An accident rather than exhaustion or impassable obstacles must have ended their experiment while it was still in the making. And it is certain that other young men, as brave and foolish and eager as they, will shoulder tanks of oxygen and try that terrible summit in another year.

It was an idiotic death to die—nothing won, nothing proved, no purpose served. Simply a form of glorified suicide—deliberately dashing frail human bodies against the breast of a frozen goddess until they slip and fail and break and then freeze to eternity against the blank ice walls of their defeat. An idiotic death to die; but a death that makes the ordinary processes of living somehow lose color and meaning and the very look of life.

White Indians

WHITE Indians. The phrase clutches at our imaginations. Darien—in whose jungle depths the white Indians live hidden away from exploiters and curiosity-seekers. The word stirs our memories; recalls four centuries of history—of courage and cruelty, of lust for adventure and for gold. The "Forbidden Country" they call it in the Canal Zone, just beyond which it lies, stretching away to the Colombian border. A rain-drenched, steaming labyrinth of trees, vines, and grass, growing dank and lush out of oozing mud and scum-covered water. An almost unknown and unexplored wilderness next to the ten-mile foothold of Yankee civilization, with its twentieth-century machinery, its stately procession of the ships of all nations, its luxurious hotels, its motor cars, its American efficiency, its army-disciplined inhabitants. Yet this jungle of Darien was once almost the center of the world's hopes; it was the best-known and the most important region of the New World; it was the stage for one of the most stupendous and intense struggles for gold that men have ever waged. What a procession of heroes and scoundrels, of dreamers and cutthroats it has known! Columbus, Balboa, Pizarro, Drake, Morgan, Sharp, Patterson ——

And now a party under Richard O. Marsh has penetrated this almost forgotten region of Darien, which has gone back to the Indian from whom the *conquistadores* and the buccaneers wrested its riches. He found the name "Forbidden Country" justified, for although it is doubtless an exaggeration that Europeans can enter it only with danger to their lives from the natives, still it is made plain to outsiders that they are not wanted. Stephen Graham, who recently crossed the isthmus through Darien, reports that it is hard to tempt the natives out of their jungle to do a

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day's work; they do not want a phonograph or a five-foot shelf of books. Mr. Marsh found similar distrust of the European's advances. According to his account, he finally won the confidence of the Indian chief of Darien by helping the sick. He found an epidemic of smallpox among the natives, and he and his party not only did what they could to combat it directly, but later he made his way along the coast to a wireless station near the Colombian border. From there an appeal was sent to President Porras of Panama, and the latter dispatched doctors and medicine to stop the epidemic. After that the Marsh party found the way opened. They were taken to the villages of the White Indians, and saw and talked with a large number of these persons, the characteristics and origin of whom are so far almost unknown to science. Not only that, but the Marsh party was allowed to take several White Indians with it to be brought back to the United States.

But the party did not escape the usual toll of the Darien jungle. Of the twelve whites and thirteen blacks that constituted the original expedition only three whites and four blacks were with it at the end. Death, sickness, and desertion gradually decimated the original party. It is the jungle and not the Indians that to the white man is the most forbidding element of the "Forbidden Country." But perhaps we will know more of this "Forbidden Country" now that a beginning has been made. The almost fabulous exploits of three and four centuries ago make the exploration of Darien akin to a pilgrimage. No other spot in the Western Hemisphere is more soaked with history and romance.

Columbus, on his last voyage, came fumbling along the coast of Darien, searching still for the way to the East, searching with an uncanny instinct at this narrowest part of the Western Hemisphere, searching where 400 years later a way was miraculously opened. Balboa stalked his way across the isthmus in 1513, and from a peak on the west coast of Darien was the first European to gaze upon the Pacific Ocean. Pizarro, who was with him, crossed the isthmus again a few years later to voyage down the coast for the conquest of Peru. It was partly to transport the vast treasure of the Incas, and partly to carry out of Darien the gold which was mined there or stolen from the Indians, that the historic Gold Road was built across the isthmus. By use of lash and sword and torture the Indians were compelled to hew a way through the jungle from Panama on the Pacific to Puerto Bello on the Caribbean, and to pave it with blocks of stone. With monkeys and parrots screaming in the trees above, mule teams and Indians bore gold and silver plate, pearls and other gems through the jungle to satisfy the fury of the Spaniards for vast and sudden wealth.

Parts of the Gold Road are still to be found in the jungle of Darien, though Puerto Bello is a ruin. This great storehouse and port of the Spaniards was sacked by that most ruthless and invincible pirate Morgan. Before his coming the coast had been harried by Drake, who in his ship the Golden Hind preyed with great havoc upon the Spanish treasure fleet. After many other wanderings Drake finally returned to Darien to die. In a leaden casket somewhere along this lonely land his body lies under burning tropical suns today.

Perhaps the white Indians are descendants of those long-ago adventurers—the offspring of Spanish conquerors or English buccaneers, a link between the sixteenth-century discoverers and our own age.

Radio-Convention Year

CONVENTION orators, like the good little boys of another age, used to be seen and not heard. You sat in a gallery, watched the speakers gesticulate, and wondered what on earth they were talking about.

All that was changed this year. Few saw, but millions heard. To the uttermost corners of Madison Square Garden, whence the speaker on the platform looked but an ant in an ant-hill, the amplifiers carried every scrape of an oratorical throat. It was impossible even far from the convention halls to escape the conventions. Through the open windows of *The Nation's* office intruded the roars and squeaks of the loud-speakers of Vesey Street's four radio dealers. Millions must have paused in their noon-day walks through city streets to hear the speeches which blared forth from every radio store. In hundreds of thousands of farms men and women who had never dreamed of seeing a presidential convention sat, while the crops went untended and the bread unbaked, ears glued to the receivers, listening even to speeches which bored the sweating delegates in the halls. America was holding its first radio conventions.

The technique of the radio convention is in its infancy. A few of the speakers may consciously have modified their manner, but most of them forgot the larger audience in the air and spoke to the delegates in the halls. Something will have to be done, before another Presidential year, to teach politicians the art of radio-oratory and of radio-demonstration. It was exciting enough, for the privileged few, to see the delegates march like crazy schoolboys about the hall, jigging their standards as they danced; it was anything but thrilling to the radio-hearers. A dull, confused blah emerging from a radio horn, punctuated now and then by a second of silence followed by the urbane voice of a professional radio-announcer reporting that "the McAdoo delegates have been demonstrating for forty-seven minutes; the Canal Zone has just joined. This is the Democratic National Convention, Madison Square Garden, New York City, speaking"—that was anything but effective politics. Somehow or other, the ingenious minds of the party strategists will have to work out a technique of demonstration as interesting to hear as to see. Even the ear-splitting fire-engine sirens of the Al Smith demonstrators sounded, through the air, like little more than the murmur of the sea in a sea-shell.

Billy Sunday tactics will not do over the radio. The speaker who is most impressive when the eye aids the ear may be least impressive to the ear alone. The man who stands still and keeps his voice within limits may bore the delegates, but he is better heard afar than the Fourth-of-July orator whose arm-waving stirs the crowd that sees him into tumults of enthusiasm. The radio-listener, moreover, is lonely; there is no mob presence to sweep him out of his Yankee cynicism. He is an onlooker, not a participant, and is more likely to turn off his instrument with a smile than to thrust his fist into the solitary air and cry "Hurray for Cal!"

Novelty will wear off; there may not be so many radio-listeners four years hence, and those who do listen may be more impatient and less attentive. Or—will the inventors go so far with radio-pictures that the circle will be complete, so that conventions will not only be heard but seen too, by a whole nation, "over the air"?

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An Unconventional Convention

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THRILLS in a party convention? After Cleveland it seemed impossible. But Saturday, June 27, 1924, will long stand out in the memories of professional convention-goers like myself. For that afternoon we were treated to the spectacle of what a convention can and ought to be. We *were* thrilled; we were stirred to our depths by two genuine debates staged as if for the purpose of demonstrating that if one could only get rid of the familiar flummery and foolishness and boorishness and the days of sickening, meaningless "oratory," we could have a quadrennial political gathering that would be worth while. All because men and women suddenly rose up after days of utterly degraded and demoralizing vaudeville performances to declaim with passion about two big subjects. True, they were less debates about party principles than about party policies. It was a battle over the simple question as to whether a political party should say what it meant and mean what it said. It is, of course, an indictment of any party that such a question should have to be discussed, but it is so clearly the nature of the political beast to use platform language in order to conceal its thoughts that it stirred us profoundly to have the old cut-and-dried formalities disappear, to find a convention which had got beyond its bosses and dared to take up questions which aroused it instead of being dominated by the historic expediency of the American political gathering.

Parties, when no longer young and reforming, would, if they could, invariably and exclusively use euphemisms—it was my old teacher Barrett Wendell who once told us that euphemism is to language what the fig-leaf is to art, and politicians usually have more nakedness to hide than any other group of men. In this case the politicians had to expose their secret troubles while seeking to hide them. The issues were too burning, the feelings too intense, the outrage too flagrant to be passed over for harmony's sake. So we had the amazing spectacle of a party quickened and galvanized into genuine vitality by the power of two issues which to many of the protagonists involved deep and sacred principles. Yes, as a case-hardened reporter, I admit that I would not have missed that night session for a great deal, and that I got thrill after thrill as though I were the veriest tyro, in hearing men and women say out loud that they would prefer to have their party wrecked and wracked and ruined rather than have it, as Wendell Phillips used to say, silent in the presence of a sin that threatens the very fundamentals of our American life. It was worth days of exhausting heat and still more exhausting platitudes, of hypocrisy, and of hours and hours of driveling laudations of politicians, nine-tenths of whom are now holding higher office than their abilities entitle them to. To see men and women fight like William Pettangall of Maine, Mrs. Carroll Miller of Pennsylvania, and that most amazing Georgian, Andrew C. Erwin, who evoked the most spontaneous and enthusiastic ovation of the convention, was nothing short of a treat. Mr. Erwin is a poor speaker and he was at first misunderstood. But soon that great gathering realized what he was about—"I've been trying," he explained, "for years to get you Yankees to look into this Klan business"—and what it meant for a Georgian to take the stand he did. So, like all American crowds, it applauded a brave man as he deserved to be cheered. For once some of the standards were "trooped" to good purpose, a worthwhile parade was formed, and the audience let itself loose.

Yet that plain ocular demonstration that courage pays in American politics, that our people are longing and thirsting for bravery and independence in public men, and that any man who is ready to risk everything, yes, perhaps even his life in Georgia for his convictions is a certain winner, passed over some of the politicians' heads. We were treated once more to whining appeals not to disrupt the party, to remember the innocent but misled members of the Klan whose motives are so good and so high and so patriotic that they have to express them by skulking around at night in masks and nightgowns and discriminating against equally worthwhile or better Americans who happen to be Negroes, or foreign-born, or Catholics, or Jews. The crowd's sympathies were nearly all one way, and besides the men and women of principle the Catholic bosses and senators fought as if to show us what they could do all the time in this country if they only engaged themselves with issues, with genuine reform, with sound political principles, instead of devoting their lives to miserable schemes to placate a voter here and a voter there.

Yet the Klan won by four and a half or five votes. But of what avail is that victory? How ridiculous to tell the country that the Democratic Party did not name the Ku Klux Klan in its platform when speaker after speaker got up and called that abominable society by its correct designations! Mr. Bryan and his Klan allies may really feel that they saved the day and protected the party from disruption. That is ridiculous. Every one of the millions who listened to the proceedings over the radio knows that the heart and soul of that convention were opposed to the Klan and not only wanted it described, but actually described it as it is. If the Klan voters are going to vote in accordance with the attitude of the two conventions, they will vote the Republican ticket because the decadent Republicans side-stepped the issue without debate. The mere technical language of the Democratic platform ought not to hold the Klan votes. They belong in the Republican camp. I hope they will go there, and I believe that their seats in the Democracy will be more than filled by those who will come to take their places and to give their allegiance to a party that is not afraid to talk out in meeting. Mr. Bryan's victory? Well, it was worthy of that great fundamentalist. The futility of the man, the confusion of his talk, his terrible lack of sound political and moral education were never so demonstrated. He is now a pathetic figure, so pathetic one hates to speak of him. Age is beginning to tell upon him, and when he dragged religion, yes, even Jesus Christ himself, into the debate in order to keep the Democratic Party from saying what it meant, he was incredibly sad. Bryan hissed and booed in a Democratic convention! Who would have thought it possible?

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Then we had the League of Nations fight, and in this Newton D. Baker undoubtedly distinguished himself—I say it with the more pleasure because I have no admiration for the man himself. Exhausted by days and nights of sleepless labor, his was a marvelous physical achievement. He stirred the delegates so that, as I sat among them, I saw men and women in tears all around me. That was real oratory, though dangerously near the verge of hysteria, dreadfully overemotionalized and accompanied by gesticulations and contortions which revealed the terrible nerve strain the man was under. In more than questionable taste was his assertion that the spirit of Woodrow Wilson looked down from alongside of God's throne and spoke through his, Baker's, lips. And I for one could not forget as he told of having seen hundreds of dying American soldiers in France, dying with a prayer on their lips for someone to build a permanent temple of peace upon their sacrifices—that this same Newton D. Baker was one of the men who sent these youths into a needless and fruitless war; that it was he as well as the others of the Cabinet who planted hate and bitterness in their hearts; that it was he who, in the last analysis, was responsible for the torturing of the conscientious objectors; who consented to the crimes of a military court against the Negro soldiers of the 24th Infantry, now being released by Calvin Coolidge; that it was he who forswore and denied his pacifism and liberalism from the beginning to the end of the war.

But if I could not weep with this man, I could freely and cheerfully admit the fervor and conviction with which he spoke and the logical correctness of his position. His party ought to favor the League of Nations or be against it; it has now resorted to a subterfuge which leads nowhere and will probably be followed in 1928 by a failure to mention the League at all. As things stand, tactically Baker went too far; the Republican newspapers are already harping upon his declaration that defeat for his long-drawn-out and bitterly worded amendment meant the disavowal of Woodrow Wilson by Woodrow Wilson's party. Nor was it wise to denounce so unreservedly as traitors and quitters the men who differed with him on this issue. But here, too, we got a thrill; we had a real debate; we had a speech which stirred the emotions, which tore passion to tatters, which made the delegates think and ponder and weep. And having thought and pondered and wept, whether because of their own volition or because of the cracking of the party whips, they voted two to one against Newton Baker—one wondered if those who wept were allowed to vote. And so the League of Nations is laid on the shelf. The referendum agreed to cannot come to pass in years, if ever, and no one will be happier than the Democratic senators in Washington, for those who are on the inside tell me that there are not over five senators who are really heart and soul in favor of the League. The rest give it lip service because the party tells them to. Probably we shall hear a hundred speeches about the Klan to one about the League in the coming campaign.

All of this, I repeat, made up for the dreary wasted days, days thrown away because the Committee on Resolutions did not at once realize that it could not prevent these issues from coming up on the floor, and that it was worth infinite things to the Democratic Party thus to wrestle with itself and its beliefs. What a contrast that was to the sickeningly dull and dead Republican convention in Cleveland! If those who were present at both had to decide which party merited by vitality and vigor and character the award of the highest offices in the government, the vote would certainly be overwhelmingly for the Democrats. Yet fundamentally we have not gotten anywhere. The platform is barely progressive, not really liberal and not radical in its reasoning or its proposals. The dead hands of expediency and compromise rest upon it; it would have been far better to have enunciated principles and let it go at that. True, economic issues have entered into the platform in unusual degree; there are actually many proposals in it which a few years ago would have been denounced as purely socialistic, such as government supervision of the coal industry, the oil resources, etc. It was amusing to hear everyone assent to the proposal that the government go into the business of manufacturing cheap fertilizer for the farmer when we know how that plank would be denounced in a La Follette or a Socialist platform. At least we are moving toward a recognition of what a role economic issues are playing in our modern life. But I repeat there is no realization of the underlying fundamentals. How one did long for a single straightforward unequivocal stand on a matter like free trade and protection, similar to the admirable promise of immediate freedom for the Philippines and the promise of a popular referendum on war (though the latter was weakened by the weasel words "except in case of invasion").

Upon the minor incidents I have neither space nor time to dwell. It is a pleasure to record that the women have stood out better in this convention than in Cleveland—but no one could have stood out well against such a background as that afforded by the convention of the fit-to-rule. If one Democratic woman delegate in cowardly and unworthy manner changed her vote, but not her beliefs, on the Klan issue, it nevertheless appears that the majority resolution would have carried had she stood to her guns. As a whole, the speaking of the women was far finer than at Cleveland; they seemed of a higher grade. But what a terrible indictment of our public-school system is afforded by such a convention! Out of the sixty or seventy speakers we had to listen to not more than six attracted by the refinement of their voices, the form of their addresses, the charm or the correctness of their diction. In this respect Franklin D. Roosevelt shone. His speech was admirable; his spirit was fine and his courage in rising above his great physical misfortune is surely beyond all praise. Were he physically strong it seems to me that he would be the ideal compromise candidate for the Presidency from the Democratic point of view. As it is, the struggle between McAdoo and Smith is going on as I write, and at this hour no one knows the outcome or can guess when the bosses and leaders will get together and put the delegates out of their misery by sending word who is to be the candidate—unless, indeed, the convention once more takes the bit into its teeth and proceeds to think for itself.

Fortunately, we are not confined to the choice between the Republicans and the Democrats. At Cleveland on July Fourth there will come a happening which will give those free men and free women who are tired of election by disgust and nomination by exhaustion to vote for one who, whatever his faults may be, is a devoted public servant of constructive mind, who at last realizes that the time has come to cut loose from that which is the Democratic Party and that which is the Republican Party It is now Robert La Follette's move, and the politicians, yes, the country will do well to watch it.

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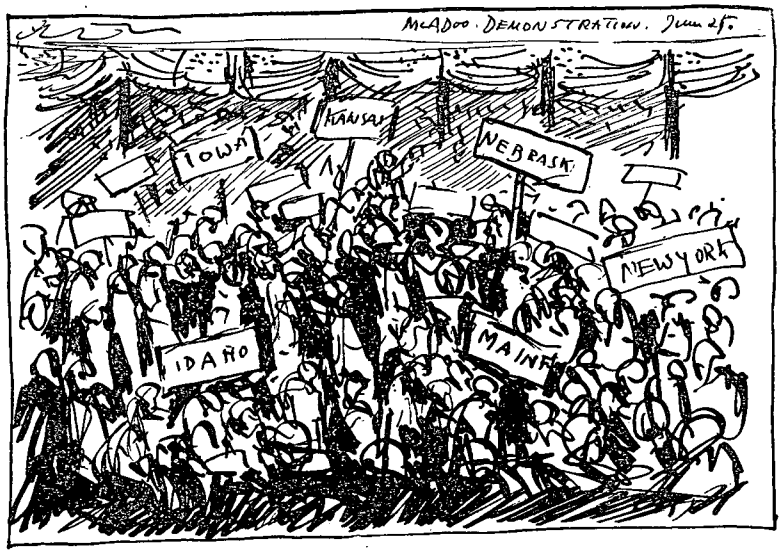
The Maccabees of 1924

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

THE convention has been hot and it has been tedious, but all this the local press has commented upon with a great display of industry and sarcasm. The Garden looked like the inside of a box of very cheap candy. Mr. Bryan looked more than ever like a deacon. The delegates at two o'clock of the fatal Sunday morning looked like frayed pumpkins, but these events, too, have been duly chronicled in the columns of the newspapers of this and all other countries.



Remains to take the mass of material, boil it down, cook it, let it evaporate, cool it off in a cauldron of cogitation, and present to the learned students of *The Nation* what one might call the essence of the great democratic experiment which we have just attended.

Speaking exclusively as an historian and remembering the high duties of our office we beg to offer the following *facta bruta* as gleaned from ten days of almost unbearable heat and ditto boredom.

We have kept a daily log of all conventional events for some of the more popular news-sheets of the land. It was staccato work, and we are not sure that ten years from now we shall point to those essays with that pride which ought to follow all literary endeavor. But we remember that upon one occasion we compared the Democratic Party (as we might have compared the Republican Party) to our late but not lamented cousin the Dinosaur. That amiable reptile which ruled this world for many million years came to a very sad end. I am no ornithologist and I may get my facts slightly mixed, but as I remember the life's history of the Dinosaur the beast first grew so large that it could no longer walk and then it grew so large that it could no longer swim and finally it grew so large that it was obliged to wallow through the mire if it desired to move from one place to another, and in that condition of decrepitude it fell a victim to the fury and the ambition of those agile mammals who ever since have been the undisputed masters of this pleasant planet and who have relegated the remnants of the Dinosaur to such museums as can pay a high price for an occasional tooth or rib of this exceedingly rare prehistoric creature.

Our political parties, dinosaur-like, have increased beyond the point where they can either walk or swim. Soon they will be destroyed by their puny rivals who now are hiding in the bushes of Wisconsin or behind the high walls of the labor-union Palazze and Roman Catholic basilicas.

For those who have ears to hear and eyes to see the future development of our political system is both clear and simple. We are going the way of all flesh. Yea, we are going the way of Europe! For almost a century we have had two parties. There was very little difference between the two. One was in and the other was out or vice versa. Children were born Republicans or Democrats and old men died Republicans or Democrats. It made very little difference. Our country was large. It was rich. And we could do without government just as we could do without art or literature.

All this has been changed and will change even more rapidly during the next ten years. Our statesmen seemed to have a constitutional aversion to those elementary textbooks of political economy used by freshmen students in our academies and universities. As a result they are about to lose the support and cooperation of the workingmen of this country.

Surely no one will ever accuse Brother Gompers of having been the leader in a dastardly attempt to upset the established form of business and government. If we are to have a labor party (and we are sure to have one before another four years) it will be the result of Republican and Democratic ignorance. There is no longer any reason why a self-respecting plumber or carpenter should vote the Republican or Democratic ticket. There is every reason why he should cast about for a candidate who represents his own true interests.

The farmer has already left the old machines and is rapidly making for parts unknown in an old broken-down flivver of his own. But such flivvers, as many philosophers have observed these last six thousand years, are apt to get somewhere just when they were supposed to be ready for the junk-shop. The bucolic Lizzie may come to grief. But personally I doubt it and I recommend that venerable if somewhat ramshackle chariot to all students of current politics.

But most important of all, the development of the last olympiad has brought us to a crisis in our national history which will make itself felt for many centuries to come. I refer to the unavoidable formation of a Catholic Party.

Madison Square Garden this last week has been a fine laboratory for the study of this interesting phenomenon.

The Ku Kluxers were out in mass-formation.

"Very well," said the Catholic, "this is a game which two can play as well as one." And they called upon their own auxiliary troops and filled the Garden with an assembled collection of Tammany henchmen, and they packed the house with a variegated assemblage of ward-heelers and yeggmen and other gentry of the under- and semi-underworld who raised a hullabaloo that lasted almost two hours,

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and which showed the Scotch Presbyterians what the Irish Catholics could do.

Heaven forbid that I should blame the Smith managers. War is war and politics is politics and there you are. On the one hand the Ku Kluxers organize to defend the rights and privileges of that great and glorious Yahveh who led their ancestors into the wilderness of a new continent that there they might build a Kingdom of Righteousness and defy the Pope of Rome. Turn about is fair play. The Pope of Rome is not without friends in the land. Some twenty million people pay close attention to the words of the Pontifex Maximus. To them he is a very Holy Man. When the rumbling thunder of Yahveh's wrath threatens to strike him they will rush to his defense. This is eminently right and as it should be. But it means that henceforth we shall have a Catholic Party, a political party, membership to which is based upon certain religious convictions. This may be regrettable, but it cannot be helped. *Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Ku Klux!* It is the result of your own folly! You have invited the boll-weevil of denominational hatred into this fair land of ours. Try and get him out again if you can.

Alas, pretty speeches will do no good. The creature is obstinate. He has come to stay. Nothing short of a general conflagration will ever drive him out of our landscape.

But enough of this. I had better leave further entomological comparisons and similes alone and return to the earth, sweltering underneath the hot sun of late June. The Democratic Convention might have averted this disastrous discussion which is bound to lead our country into grave and terrible difficulties. Why and how and for what reason it preferred not to do this, I do not know. What worries me is the immediate consequence of this folly. We shall undoubtedly have a Catholic party. And the formation of such an organization will in turn be followed by a more intensive cult of Ku Klux bigotry.

During the last ten days I have talked to a good many people who come from the realm of the hooded knights. And they have confirmed me in my suspicions that this movement is something more than a mere religious movement. It is the concrete manifestation of the spiritual ambitions of those embattled natives who are engaged in a most holy fight for certain principles which they hold sacred.

The Ku Klux Klan is a class institution. Its ideals are those of the Anglo-Saxon middle class of half a century ago. It recognizes John Calvin as its God and William Jennings Bryan as His prophet. It loves virtue and hates sin. It suspects good manners as a manifestation of moral weakness. It regards beauty as a direct invitation to sin. If it could do so it would legislate us all into church every Sunday morning of our lives. It has banished the rum demon. It will now go after the infamy of the cigarette. It knows very little and has no desire to know more, since it suspects that book learning inevitably leads to atheism.

Tolerance it denounces as evidence of a flabby spiritual faith. It holds that the many references to the Promised Land and the chosen people, contained in a certain ancient Jewish book, were fulfilled when the first white settlers crossed into the territory of Kansas and descended into the valley of the Missouri River.

Please understand me. I am not blaming these good people. They are only doing what every other people ever since the beginning of time has done when it saw itself surrounded by certain forces which it failed to understand but learned to fear. A German or a Frenchman or a Swede under similar circumstances would do exactly the same. I am stating facts. I am not preaching a sermon. The natives of the vast Middle West fear for those things which to themselves are most desirable and therefore most sacred. They are fighting to preserve something which has already been doomed by history. They are throwing themselves bravely into a lost cause. They are the Maccabees of the year of grace 1924.

May the Goddess of History be merciful to them.

Democrats Are Different

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

YES, indeed, after looking at the Republicans in Cleveland and the Democrats in New York, this writer has to say that Democrats are different from Republicans with a difference that is not merely superficial.

Among superficial things may be counted their platform utterances. In platform utterances each party tries to nestle as close to the other as is possible and still leave room for enough short-arm jabbing to make a fight.

Even on tariff the Republicans claimed in their platform at Cleveland that now by means of the so-called "flexible provisions" in their McCumber-Fordney tariff law they will revise the tariff to fit "the actual differences in the cost of production in the United States and the principal competing countries of the world." Thus on tariff the Republicans creep toward the Democrats.

Meanwhile on the League of Nations the Democrats creep toward the Republicans and say in their New York platform that while they adore the League they will not by any means embrace it until the banns have been blessed by the whole American people in solemn referendum assembled.

On point after point throughout both platforms the effort to sleep on the same plank is more notable than any whimsical effort to become and to remain complete fell opposites.

Yet a deep difference between the personalities of the two parties does in fact exist. Their respective bosses are different and their respective progressives are different.

The Republicans tend to be grown-up and hard-boiled and cynical. The Democrats, of whatever age, tend to be youthful and romantic and day-dreamy.

A Democratic boss like George E. Brennan of Illinois gets infinite joy and humor out of all the absurdities, and even out of all the play-boy villainies, of politics. He perceives politics not only as a high emprise but also as a child's comic game. He does not thereupon despise it. On the contrary, the more comic and ridiculous it is, the more he loves it.

An hour with George Brennan, even in the midst of the

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tightest struggles of a convention, is an hour of laughter. Nothing can make George Brennan old. If age ever seems coming an inch or a millimeter over him, some awful rogue recoils from some harmless act because of some religious scruple and George Brennan laughs himself back into youth.

A labor grafter once defended a hold-up strike on a public-school building to George Brennan on the ground that children ought to go to parochial schools anyway. George Brennan rocks with the delightfulness of that situation. He thoroughly believes the Catholic religion and yet he has the human-comedy salt in him to chuckle: "You see how seriously our religion is taken by us Catholics."

Consider, on the other hand, an hour with the top Republican boss, Mr. William M. Butler of Massachusetts. It can safely be said that there is no excess of the play-boy spirit in Mr. Butler. The frivolities of human nature have no appeal to him, in so far as his conversation reveals him. Nor does he get any apparent appeal from human nature's ridiculous idealisms and moonshine madnesses. He in no way apparently thinks that human nature is either funny or sublime. He thinks it just common good straight work-aday uninspired stuff out of which spindles and dividends and wages and homes and water-mains and electric-light connections and children and the whole continuous identical round of repetitional human existence are made.

With the Democratic progressives, on the other hand (and in a degree which the Republican progressives never in their conversation exhibit), human nature is just too beautiful and sublime for words.

The outstanding Republican progressive, Robert Marion La Follette, and the outstanding ex-Republican Farmer-Laborite progressive, Henrik Shipstead, can look at the protestations of the League of Nations and yet, nevertheless and notwithstanding, still look at the League itself with a cynical and suspicious and malevolent eye.

Not so can any outstanding progressive Democrat. The League says it is for noble purposes. It says it has beautiful ideals. Then the heart of even the most drastic progressive Democrat—of even Burton K. Wheeler—begins to go out palpitatingly and devoutly toward the League.

Those two extreme but charming young men, Mr. Wheeler of Montana and Mr. Shipstead of Minnesota, are a really highly competent illustration of the difference between the Democratic temperament and the Republican temperament.

Let the Republican and Democratic platforms be what they may. Let the Republican and Democratic conventions be what they may. Let all these outward appearances of inward grace or disgrace be what they may. Let us look for a moment at the temperamental—or even spiritual—differences back of them.

The great outstanding feat of Mr. Wheeler in Washington has been to expose certain moral iniquities prevalent—or asserted to be prevalent—in the town. The great outstanding feat of Mr. Shipstead has been to deliver a set and even so tremendous speech proving—or tending or trying to prove—that Mr. Andrew Mellon, as Secretary of the Treasury, on behalf of our bankers, of whom he is one, has been paying an unnecessarily high rate of interest on short-term federal securities.

Republicans are realistic, hard-boiled, matter-of-fact. Democrats are imaginative, warm-hearted, matter-of-fancy, and matter-of-castles-in-Spain.

Sometimes they make the castles come true, as they did in the marvelous line of new, adventurous, and yet workable and useful laws in the first Woodrow Wilson Administration.

Yet since they idealize everything, they idealize even their own party. The Republicans tend to see everything in a harsh dry light.

Thereupon realistic progressive Republicans tend to separate themselves from realistic reactionary Republicans. Both factions in the Republican Party tend realistically to perceive their incompatibility.

The progressive Democrats and the reactionary Democrats are saved from that division by their happy human optimism and idealistic playfulness. They are the Christian Scientists of politics. They think it is so; and sometimes amazingly and thrillingly it is.

Meanwhile, if any new independent or third-party movement gets going and becomes really important in the United States it will be out of the element which once was by drastic financial realism Federalist and then by drastic tariff realism Whig and then by drastic anti-slavery realism Republican and now by drastic realisms of one sort and another defiantly and outrightly Farmer-Laborite in a profusion and with a vehemence which the Democrats are glad they do not rival.

They are glad indeed. They, meanwhile, by their common capacity to imagine happiness and harmony even when it does not exist, remain the one continuously fighting fondling family in American political history.

What they have been for a hundred and fifty years they still are in their convention in New York. The division between our parties is not superficial. It is superficial only in the words of policies. The resemblances between the two parties are only in platforms. With absolutely identical platforms they would still go in diametrically different directions.

The Republicans would realize and split. The Democrats would idealize and unite. So the one forever is change through action; and the other forever is change through faith. They are not superficial things. They are the two sides of human life.

To W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

By SCUDDER MIDDLETON

The race that wheedles mercies from its God
Shall be the beggar always at His door;
It shall debase itself before the rod,
And live among the shadows ever more.
But when, with growing pride in self, it stands,
Asking no favors of the clouds or men,
To it God reaches down His mighty hands,
To it are all tomorrows given then.

You know those hands! Beyond the cottonfields,
Beyond the creaking tree, the faggot's flame,
Your eyes have caught the vision of a race
Rising by greater truths than pity yields.
And you have made it dream, speak out its name—
Proud of that ancient ebon of its face!

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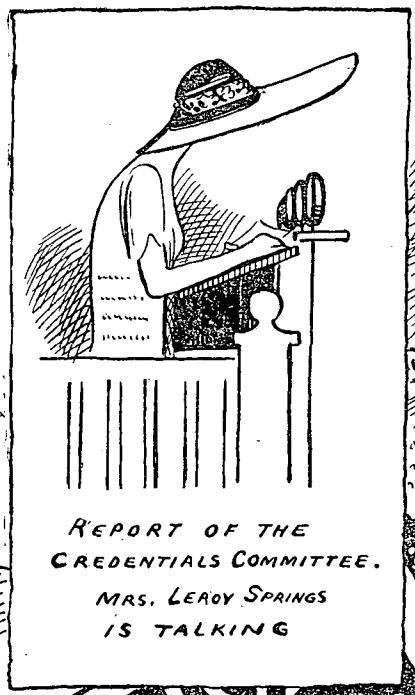
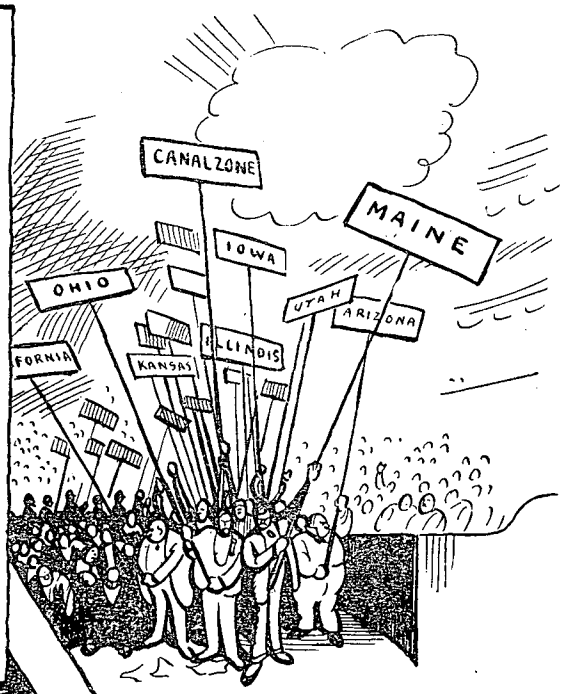
Convention Notes *by Art Young*

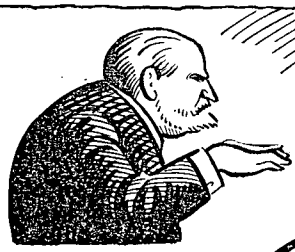
Wall Street reads the platform



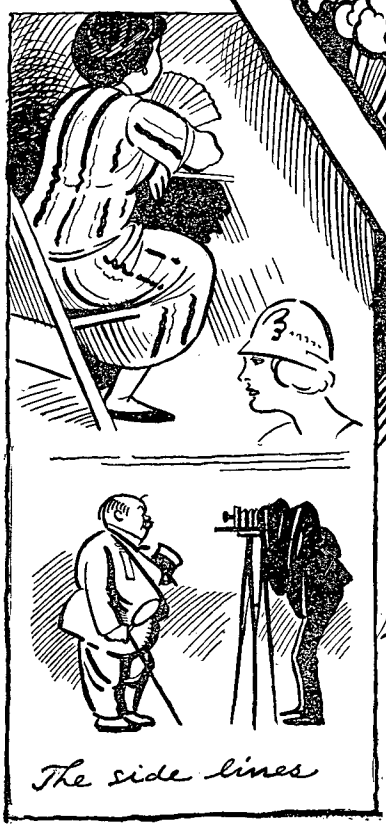
REPORT OF THE CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE. MRS. LEROY SPRINGS IS TALKING



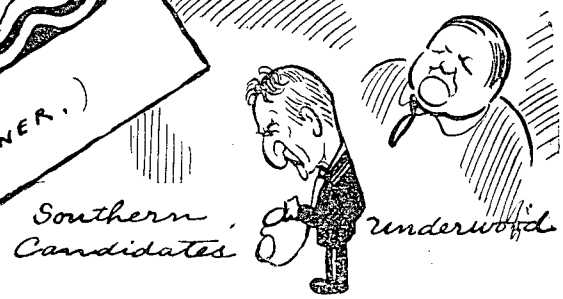
Grand March



Mr. Phelan gesturing like a hypnotist



The side lines



Southern Candidates — Underwood — Carter Glass

Norman E. Mack N.Y. State leader

Democracy Militant

Well that's over.

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Here Are Ladies

By ERNESTINE EVANS

SUFFRAGE had been in the oven four years. I opened the oven door to see how the cake was getting along. I took a turn round the Waldorf, milled through headquarters of half a dozen presidential candidates, drew women delegates into corners for iced tea or breakfast, saw old friends. How was the cake getting on? I visited the headquarters of the Women's Democratic Club. I talked to the vestals of the National Woman's Party booth. I visited the brisk headquarters of the National League of Women Voters, whose membership is something over five-hundred thousand and something under two million. I called on Mrs. Emily Newell Blair's bustling, clucking headquarters, down the hall from the National Committee itself, and on the Committee of Nine. I went to the Garden. There, broiling in the sun, and shrilling above the noise machines, and fire sirens, and Tammany shouts, was evidence a plenty that women are no longer outcasts from the national quadrennial debauch.

Suffrage does rather better in the Democratic than in the Republican oven. I quote a famous political journalist. "My God," he swore, "these Democratic women are twice as voracious as the women at Cleveland." What he observes is that the Democratic National Committee, four years ago, at the behest of Mrs. Elizabeth Bass, then chief of the Woman's Bureau of the Democratic Party, made the fifty-fifty arrangement by which the national committee of the party should be composed of one man and one woman from each State. The Republicans at Cleveland finally followed suit. Four years of being "had in" has made the tone of the Democratic women more assertive. Four years from now the Republican women will be just as "bad" or just as "good" as the Democrats. There will be the same testy disputes about tickets. The unhappy Democratic gentleman who sought to pacify the lady delegates with single tickets for the Garden discovered that the ladies, like himself, were politicians. They, too, had their little entourages that must be "taken care of." "Are you taken care of?" "I'll see see you're taken care of." These sentences are a buzzed refrain wherever even lady politicians are gathered together. The taste of patronage, however petty, is like the taste of blood. The right to appoint a sergeant-at-arms—the men find—is a right not lightly abdicated by the women delegates who discover they have it. With the women, however—and it is a gay difference—getting their rights is still a matter of principle rather than a matter of personal power. Witness Miss Mary Archer at war with National Committeeman Guffy from Pennsylvania over tickets. There is a touch about her of a woman with a cause, in spite of the sound of ordinary squabbling.

The second day of the Garden Party a rumor broke in the newspapers that the woman's story of the convention would be the concerted move by certain old machine politicians to "get" Mrs. Emily Newell Blair of Missouri, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and by virtue of that office the leader of the Democratic women of the country. Mrs. Blair, like Mrs. Bass before her, believes firmly that the Democratic Party, if it were wise, would make a dead set at the women. The women are, after all, the only fresh mass of voters in the country, and concessions might allure them. Like all politicians the Democrats would rather make concessions to those who fill the party chests with funds than to anything so vague as probable voters. The women don't yet feel financial responsibility for the party. Cordell Hull, who has spent much of his time the last four years worrying about party debts, would probably admit that women were amiable at helping gather little sums for the party, but very slow at getting up a fifty-fifty Dutch-treat attitude in their organizations. Mrs. Blair, I am sure, has pointed out to him that women haven't very much money, and hardly at all the habit of spending it in politics, but still it is in the matter of money that you find the greatest rub against the women.

The fight, or rumored fight, about Mrs. Blair simmered to nothing. After the convention she will probably be re-elected, and she will accept office if the party candidate pleases her. Her reelection will mean that the Democratic Party still feels, besides not wishing change and ruction on the eve of a campaign, that Mrs. Blair's type of woman in politics is still the ablest on the scene. She is a Missouri woman, politically an enemy of the State machine and of Jim Reed, is the wife of a lawyer and mother of two children, a clubwoman and a suffragist. Mrs. Blair is distinctly a voice at the Democratic court, explaining gently what the organized woman's movement in America wants and has passed resolutions about. Her political strategy will be the gradual rapprochement between the organized women with their reform policies and the Southern Democrats who stood out so long against the child-labor amendment. She personally cares for the social legislation which the League of Women Voters backs. The other women mentioned for her job would be less acceptable to non-party women. Miss Marbury is not known for her idealistic stands. Western women don't care for any wet. Mrs. Kellogg Fairbanks gets along better with men politicians than with the rank-and-file clubwomen whose psychology is a specialty of Mrs. Blair's. Mrs. McMillan of Tennessee is considered personally ambitious.

Scraps of conversation give a sort of dada picture of woman's place in politics. A young reporter from Philadelphia came to Doris Stevens for an interview. "Do you believe it is right for women to use more than the vote and to vamp politicians in trying to get what they want into the platform?" "What do you mean, vamp?" said Miss Stevens. "Why, you find men vamping men in politics." The reporter fled.

"I think," said a woman reporter, "that I will report this convention the way the men did the women at Cleveland. I will describe the clothes of these men from all over America, the strange cuts of their coats, their unaesthetic figures, their shiny hair, their lack of it."

A member of the platform committee said to me: "The women who spoke to the platform committee were brief and to the point. Even Mrs. Pennypacker, lengthier than the rest, describing the millions of conservative Democratic women who want the World Court, said more in less time than any man who addressed us."

A woman delegate said to me: "I hope we never change. So far, I have yet to hear a woman who wants to talk more than fifteen minutes. We have some loud speakers that put

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radio to shame, but long speakers we haven't got. Did you see how that group of women rustled when Chairman Walsh got up to speak? They were remembering how he was asked to speak forty minutes in Buffalo at the convention of the League of Women Voters, and he spoke an hour and a half. Men talk too much. And men's appetite for speeches isn't normal. They seem to have a tapeworm for oratory."

In the midst of one of the demonstrations, when chaos was at its most idiotic, an old-time suffragist turned to me. "I do not want to be borne round on the shoulders of any delegates. I do not care for whooping, but it gives me pleasure to see so many women making fools of themselves. I cannot tell you how tired I used to get of self-conscious women afraid to whoop it up and get a passion for rumpusing out of their systems."

One of the women most important in the convention, an old, old Democrat, took me aside. "This convention is all right, but the one I'm really interested in is the one of July 4 at Cleveland. I had rather be a Democrat than a Republican, but somewhere there must be a party that will really stand for something new, something better for this great sprawling country of ours than what's here."

Another woman, very hot, and not even amused at the strange ritual of noise and perspiration before her, inquired: "Did I spend seven years fighting for suffrage and earn the right to be part of a convention that wastes days over an issue of whether men shall parade the street in nightshirts and astonish with fireworks, Judas and the Pope and 'Old Black Joe'?"

The McAdoo celebration was on. One of the McAdoo women just stood and yelled. "Don't she look like a macaw callin' for her mate?" muttered a one-time committeeman whose malignant glances indicated that he had another candidate in mind.

There you have it. On the scene women mix easily in the vulgarity and jounce of the convention. Individually the women delegates seemed to outrank the men in, let us call it, respectability. Behind the scenes, the organized women proceeded with dignity and dispatch to urge reform measures. They were annoyed by the injection of the Klan issue and the political jockeying. They moved with an assurance they did not have four years ago. But no one can tell whether women are going to be a new force in politics, or whether politics is merely going to be a new occupation for women.

New Morals for Old
Virtue and Women

By ISABEL LEAVENWORTH

IN the turmoil of discussion regarding present modes of sex life one can discern a pretty general approval of just one element in the whole situation: the ideal by which the good woman has for so long been controlled. It is commonly held that if changes are to be made they should be in the direction of persuading men, and also the few women who have been at fault, to be just as good as our good women have always been.

It seems to me most unfortunate that the majority of people hope to improve matters through an extension of the feminine ideals of the past. In the established scheme of things one finds a peculiarly gross form of immorality, an immorality incommensurably greater than the dreaded evil of promiscuity; and it is only as an element in this total scheme that woman's ideals have any significance. According to the present system there is a standard of conduct set up for women which is to constitute virtue. This standard is a combination of specific positive commands and, more especially, of specific prohibitions. There are certain things which no nice woman will do—a great many things, in fact. She must learn them by heart and accept them on faith as the Pythagoreans must have had to learn their curious list of taboos, a list running from the taboo against eating beans to that against sitting on a quart measure. This ideal of virtue does not apply with equal rigidity to men; quite different things are expected of them and accepted for them. It is obvious that two such conflicting ideals by the very nature of their combination will produce a class of women who do not live up to the standard of virtue set them as members of their sex. This class is not merely an excrescence but an integral part of the situation created by the total sex ideal of society. The function of women of this class is to make possible for men the way of life commonly considered as suited to their sex and to make possible a virtuous life for the remainder of womankind. In fulfilling this function such women lose, in the eyes of society, their moral nature and forfeit the right to live within the pale of social morality. They are considered unfit for normal social intercourse and are denied those relationships and responsibilities which ordinarily serve as the basis for moral growth. From all normal responsibility toward them society regards itself as released. That which is personal, the inner life, the character, the soul—whatever one prefers to call it—having been sacrificed, supposedly in the service of the social scheme, one is to treat what is left as of no value in itself, but merely as an instrument to be used in the service of man's pleasure or woman's virtue. The prostitute is to society that one thing, defined by the purpose which she serves, and that is all she is, all she is allowed to be. The depersonalization, the moral non-existence, one might call it, of a large number of women is, then, implicit in the social system currently accepted; not a punishment meted out to those who fail to act in accordance with the social scheme (though it is as such, of course, that society defends it).

It is curious how many people feel that a choice between the present system and any other is reducible to a choice between different degrees of promiscuity. Promiscuity would be an evil, but it does not in itself involve this particular immorality. The worst evils in the present situation are due not to the "lower" half of the double standard but to the doubleness itself.

It is true that the ideal of womanly virtue is only one element in the conventional system of sex morality. But,

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like a Leibnitzian monad, it reflects the whole universe within itself—the universe of sex mores. It is in no real sense any "higher" than the ideal by which men have lived. They are warp and woof of the same fabric. According to this ideal it is woman's prime duty to keep aloof from evil. This sounds commendable enough. And it would be at least innocuous if one could interpret it as meaning that woman should hold herself aloof from some imagined evil that would become existent were she to embrace it. This is not, however, a possible interpretation of the varied collection of prohibitions which it is her duty to respect. Their import is clearly enough that she is to keep aloof from evil which is already existent, which is an acknowledged part of her background. She is to shun all of those vulgarities, coarsenesses, and immoralities which are to enter into the lives of men and for which, one is forced to conclude, the "other" women are to provide. And from this other class of women she is, of course, to keep herself absolutely separate, distinct. I recently heard an elderly Boston lady make a remark which expresses the horror commonly aroused by any conduct which endangers the distinction between the two classes. "Do you know," she said, "I heard that a young man of our set said he and his friends no longer had to go to girls of another kind for their enjoyment. They can get all they want from girls of their own class." Much the same attitude is revealed in the frequent remark that the young girl of today appears like "any chorus girl" or like any "common woman." The horrid picture is usually rounded off with the comment that you simply can't tell the difference any more between the nice girl and the other kind. One can imagine that this might cause considerable inconvenience. Each of the two classes of women has served a special purpose and it is, to say the least, disconcerting for a person not to know which way to turn when he knows very well which purpose he wants fulfilled.

The precautions which a good woman takes to preserve her purity are indeed legion. There are places where no nice woman will go, situations with which she must have no immediate acquaintance, people with whom she must not associate; there are various embodiments of evil, in short, to which she must not expose herself. That these evils should exist, that they should be tolerated as meeting certain needs in the lives of men and be made possible by other women—all this the average good woman swallows without repulsion, or, more commonly, ignores. She is aroused to a state of true indignation only when her own moral exclusiveness, or that of her kind, is threatened. The same woman who accepts with a good deal of equanimity the fact that men she associates with also associate with "gay" women would be considerably upset if these men were to attempt to associate with both kinds of women at the same time. Why is the average woman so upset if a man of her acquaintance makes "improper advances"? Is it that she is horrified to find that he is willing to indulge his irregular sex desires? No. She is outraged because he thinks she is willing to indulge hers, because he holds her virtue too lightly. Sex evils, coarsenesses are then to be part of the good woman's environment in the intimate sense that they often enter into the lives of the men she accepts as friends, even of the men with whom she is to have the most personal and supposedly ideal relationships. Her sole function is to turn her back on these evils.

The acceptance of this situation is implied in the ideals which are passed down to girls by the good old-fashioned parent. Do the mothers who insist that their daughters shall not go with boys on certain occasions and at certain hours unchaperoned expect boys to refrain from seeing any girls except on occasions thus carefully timed and adequately supervised? I doubt it. Whatever their expectations may be, it is certain that they would rather that the good girl should cling to protection, letting the man seek gaiety where he may, than that she should take the chance involved in seeking gaiety by his side. They would rather have what they consider the evil sex element taken care of by men and by women whom they need not meet than to risk any slip in conduct on the part of their own daughters. Purity purchased at such a price may be purity in some magical sense, similar to that secured in the ancient mysteries by passing through fire or going in bathing with sacred pigs. Purity in any moral sense it certainly is not. It is simply a social asset, like physical beauty or pleasing accomplishments, so tremendously valuable to woman that for it she has been willing to pay any moral price, however degrading. Its non-moral character is revealed in the common assumption that any man can, without injury to himself, pass through experiences or be placed in situations from which, since they would pollute her, every good woman must be guarded. This assumption, so obviously insulting to women, is at present complacently accepted by them as something of a compliment.

William Graham Sumner in his remarkably unemotional and objective treatment of social customs devotes some pages to a description of the houses of prostitution established and run by the cities of medieval Europe "in the interest of virtuous women." In this connection Mr. Sumner for once indulges in terms of opprobrium, judging the custom as "the most incredible case" illustrating "the power of the mores to extend toleration and sanction to an evil thing." The inmates of these houses were dedicated entirely to this special function, wore distinctive dress, and were taboo to all "good" women whose virtue, according to the scheme of things, they made possible. Authority for such a custom can be found, as Sumner points out, in Saint Augustine, the reformed rake. "The bishop," writes Sumner, "has laid down the proposition that evil things in human society, under the great orderly scheme of things which he was trying to expound, are overruled to produce good." Is not this the position taken by people who hold that it is better to have prostitution in order to provide for the assumed sex irregularity of men than to risk the loss of a woman's "virtue" through the removal of those conventions and taboos which prevent her from coping with the situation herself and making her own moral decisions?

It is hard to follow the mental processes of those persons who, while deploring the increased freedom allowed women and the tendency to judge them less severely, still claim belief in a single standard for both sexes. In so far as woman's virtue consists in aloofness from the evils which the double standard implies it quite obviously cannot be adopted as the single standard by which all members of society are to live. Even aside from this consideration it would seem to be as undesirable as it is impossible to extend to men the traditions and restrictions which have for so long governed women. Does anyone really wish to have grown boys constantly accompanied and watched over by their elders? Does anyone wish that the goings and comings of men should be as specifically determined as those of women have always been? Should we look forward to a

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day when a man will be judged as good or bad on the sole basis of whether or not he has ever had any irregular sex relation?

One would think that the suspicions of even the most uncritical might be aroused by the rigidly absolute and impersonal nature of women's sex ideals. The notion of purity as lying in the abstention from a particular act except under carefully prescribed circumstances has all the marks of a primitive taboo and none of the characteristics of a rational moral principle. The ideals of woman's honor and chastity have without doubt been built up in answer to human wants—the defense which is invariably given of customs, good or bad. Probably those sociologists are not far wrong who hold that they have developed as a response, in early times, to the sentiments of man as a property owner; later, in response to masculine vanity and jealousy, though these motives have, of course, been idealized beyond all recognition. We need not be surprised, then, to find that they bear no relation to an interest in woman's spiritual welfare and growth, an interest to which society is only now giving birth with pitiable pains of labor. To follow an ideal which almost entirely excludes sex interest as something evil is to condemn one of the richest elements in personal experience. And this ideal has regulated not only woman's sex experience but has demanded and received incalculable sacrifices in all the phases of her life, mercilessly limiting the sphere of her activities, smothering interests of value and nourishing others to an unnatural state of development, and warping her character to satisfy its most exacting demands.

Not only is it undesirable that men should attempt to follow such an ideal but it is quite obvious that as long as they accept it as adequate for women they are prevented in innumerable ways from developing intelligent principles for their own guidance. For one thing, they will come to look upon the sex element in most of its forms as a moral evil. Experience tells them, however, that it is, in their own case, a natural good. Thus they are led to accept a distinction fatal to moral integrity and progress. The sex element is admitted to the life of the average man by the back door; once within, it has fair run of the establishment though it is always looked on askance by the other members of the household. Sex interests are to be recognized and indulged but divorced from all that is "fine" and "ideal." They are considered desirable though immoral and so are to be tolerated just to the extent that they are divorced from those elements in society—the family, the home, and good women—which are supposed to embody virtue. It is not realized that virtue, far from being a rival of the other good things of life, is to be attained only through an intelligent interest in good things, and that to divorce moral from natural good is to deal a death blow to both. We cannot wonder that at present sex interest so often expresses itself in the form of dubious stories, coarse revues, and degrading physical relations. While the "good" woman who considers sex somehow lowering is apt to develop a personality which is anemic and immature, the man who accepts the conventional scheme of life develops a personality coarse and uncoordinated.

I do not mean to say that there have been no elements of value in the ideal of purity by which some women have lived. It is undoubtedly true that unregulated and impersonal sex desires and activities quarrel with more stable and fruitful interests in life. But while the most valuable experiences of love are, in general, to be found in more lasting relations, it does not follow that society should prescribe for every one of its members a particular line of sex conduct and attempt to see, through constant supervision, that its prescriptions are carried out. The sacrifice in terms of freedom of activity and experience is too great and the living flower of personal purity cannot be manufactured by any such artificial methods.

The sex relations of an individual should no more be subjected to social regulation than his friendships. There is indeed a closely related matter for which he is immediately responsible to society—that is the welfare of any children resulting from such relations. The two matters are, however, quite distinguishable and no one could hold that the effort which society makes to control sex relations is to any extent based upon concern for possible offspring. If this were so, one would not hear so much condemnation of birth-control measures on the ground that they "encourage immorality." No. It is personal experience which society would like to prescribe for its members, personal virtue that it would like to mold for them. But virtue is not a predetermined result, a kind of spiritual dessert that anyone can cook up who will follow with due care the proper ethical receipt. Experience cannot be defined in terms of external circumstances and bodily acts and thus judged as absolutely good or bad. Sex experiences, like other experiences, can be judged of only on the basis of the part which they play in the creative drama of the individual soul. There are as many possibilities for successful sex life as there are men and women in the world. A significant single standard can be attained only through the habit of judging every case, man or woman, in the light of the character of the individual and of the particular circumstances in which he or she is placed.

From the changes taking place in sex morality we may, with sufficient wisdom and courage, win inestimable gains. Certainly we should be grateful that young people are forming the habit of meeting this old problem in a quite new way—that is, with the cooperation of the two sexes. In the interest of this newer approach we should accord to girls as much freedom to live and to learn as we have always given to boys. The old restrictions, imposed upon girls alone, imply, of course, the double standard with all its attendant evils; imply the placid acceptance of two essentially different systems of value; imply the preference for physical purity over personal responsibility and true moral development. We should encourage the daughters of today in their fast developing scorn for the "respect" which our feminine predecessors thought was their due—a respect which man was expected to reveal in the habit of keeping the nice woman untouched by certain rather conspicuous elements; interests, and activities in his own life. In so far as there is something truly gay in these aspects of life, something which men know at the bottom of their hearts they should not be called on to forego, there is much that women can learn. Most people today hold in their minds an image of two worlds—one of gaiety and freedom, the other of morality. It is because gaiety and morality are thus divorced that gaiety becomes sordidness, morality dreariness. Not until men and women develop together the legitimate interests which both of these worlds satisfy will the present inconsistency and hypocrisy be done away with and both men and women be free to achieve, if they can, rich and unified personal lives.

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San Pedro

By MARY REED

Los Angeles, June 18

No member of the I. W. W. has ever, in word, act, or thought, cast any slurring remarks upon the victims of the terrible naval disaster, or has in any way threatened to dynamite the morgue. The daily press is using these slanderous lies to incite violence.

A PLACARD bearing these words hangs over the wrecked I. W. W. hall in San Pedro. Across the street the remains of a bonfire show all that is left of the furniture, and a piano lies in pieces on the curbstone. Nine-year-old Lena Milos is in the hospital suffering from burns by scalding coffee which was thrown on her after she had been knocked down and told: "We'll fix you so you'll never perform for another entertainment." Sixteen men, women, and children are recovering from injuries inflicted during the raid. Nine more were seized on their way to the entertainment and taken by a crowd of hoodlums to Terminal Island and beaten up. Andrew Kogas, proprietor of the hall, who refused to drive out the I. W. W.'s, was beaten, and his son was burned across both legs. Steve Rodin's house across the street was searched for guns, and he himself was beaten up, and his porch was used as a watch-tower by two men with guns pointed toward the hall. Tom Sullivan, Robert Bigelow, Leonard Green, Herbert White, and two others were taken to a distant canyon and tarred and feathered. One was made to drink a pint of castor oil.

The class-struggle has long been bitter in San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles and center of the oil-fields. Illegal arrests of members of the I. W. W. and Workers Party are a common occurrence. Pressure is brought to bear to get men dismissed from their jobs, and then, being out of work, they are arrested for vagrancy, which is the usual charge against reds. Over a year ago, during the harbor strike that tied up the port, more than 700 men were arrested and jailed and the chief of police announced that "none of that constitution stuff" would go in San Pedro. Every few days scare headlines involving the I. W. W. are run by the newspapers, especially the Los Angeles *Times*. But when six members of the I. W. W. charge that they were tarred and feathered, it gets tucked in on the fifteenth page.

Every pretext has been used to accuse the organization of violence, but never did such an opportunity offer itself as the disastrous explosion on the S. S. Mississippi in San Pedro harbor. What could be easier than to say that the Wobblies were rejoicing over it, and planning to blow up the undertaking house where the bodies of the forty-eight dead sailors had been brought? What could impress good patriots more than to have the place guarded by twenty-two naval guards and four patrolmen? The "citizens" were prepared—the same citizens who had swooped down on the I. W. W. headquarters in hooded gowns on March 17. This time about a dozen of them were in sailor's uniforms. The crowd formed near the American Legion hall and marched more than a hundred strong to the I. W. W. headquarters. Strange as it may seem there were no policemen at the hall, as there had been at every other meeting and entertainment. When the mob approached, one I. W. W. member ran and found a policeman, but was told: "You'll have to call the station for that." Another went to the police station. But the entire force had just been called out to the other end of town.

Tom Sullivan, chairman of the meeting, a small and very earnest man from the oil-fields, describes what happened then as follows:

I called the entertainment meeting Saturday night, June 14, at 8:20. We had just pulled off two small sketches when the raid started. All I remember is, they started to break the windows. Evidently there were four committees in the raiding party: one for breaking windows, one for breaking furniture, one was a sapping committee, with guns, brass knuckles, and gas pipes, and the other was men on the outside waiting to nab us when we came by.

They pushed in the front door and all the windows, and forced people out the back door, where they had a fire to burn people on the way out. I stood at the doorway and tried to make them let the women and children out first. The leader of the sapping committee came and deliberately pushed Lena Milos into the coffee that was cooking on the stove at the back. Then I was hit on the head and pushed out the back door myself. And as I was going out, kind of dazed, I stepped on quite a few women, and tried to pick some of them up, but they seemed to be too heavy for me. I have a faint recollection of the Bigelow girl grabbing me and saying: "Tom, my mother's inside." The fire had started, but we both went in, and the place seemed to be empty except for Mrs. Milos and the wrecking crew. I took her out toward the door, but four sailors took her away from me, and I got a blow from the leader that knocked me unconscious. . . .

I woke up in Bob Bigelow's lap in a big truck with open sides and a big tarpaulin over the back, and I said to Bob: "Where are we at?" And Bob said: "Tom, we're gone." Then the Bigelow girl stepped to the truck and asked me: "Have you seen Bob?" I told her: "Bob is in the truck with me." Then Mrs. Bigelow, his mother, tried to climb into the truck, but they would not let her in.

Then we started on our way, with two cars ahead and fifteen behind. We passed the Sixty-fourth Street Security Bank in Los Angeles, and went up Center Street and out to Santa Ana via Franklin. We went through Wilmington and passed two policemen there, but they turned the other way. We figured we were headed for the Mexican border. . . .

We got to a place in the country, and they had to open a fence to drive in. We reckoned it was about twelve miles beyond Oliver. Two men took each man out. They walked us about fifteen feet. Then they all got around us —about ten sailors and ninety civilians—and told us to strip. We stripped naked. After we were stripped, they asked a few questions about the army, and how we'd like to join, and kidded us along. Nobody answered. Then the leader said: "Well, search their clothes, and take what money they've got and we'll turn it over to the Salvation Army." I had $70. I can positively identify the man that took mine. He lives in Watts, where I've seen him a dozen times. Then he took us each aside separately and asked us questions. I was the fourth. He asked me: "Do you belong to the I. W. W.?" "Yes." "Are you proud of it?" "Yes." "Where were you born?" "San Francisco." "Will you give up the organization?" And I told him: "No, not at no tar-and-feather party. If I ever give up my card I'll give it up at the membership meeting and explain to the members why I've given it up." So then he said: "Who's got all the cards?" So one man brought all the

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cards up, and they looked them over by the light of the fire they had built. They found my card, and they found in my pocket the minutes of the previous meeting, and one of the leaders come over to me and said: "We found these on you, didn't we?" "Yes, sir." So he asked my name, and I told him Tom Sullivan; so he said: "You are the one that calls all these meetings together. Well, you are one man we are looking for." He asked the rest of them the same questions. One man in the bunch, the biggest one, denounced the organization and said he'd give it up if they'd let him go. So they questioned him and made him promise he'd never carry another I. W. W. card, which he promised, so they told him to put on his clothes, so he put on his clothes, and they asked him how much money he'd had, and he said "$5.10," and the man dug down in his pocket and handed him $5.10. They let off one other they identified as being a Mexican prize-fighter, because he had fought for a sailors' benefit once. And they let one other go because he had an A. F. of L. card besides his I. W. W. card.

So then they come back to me and asked me what good the I. W. W. ever did me, so I just spoke about fifteen words and started to explain the organization, when he said: "'We'll give this fellow a double dose," so they led me out in the middle of a big ring they had formed. There were two men. Each had a pillow full of feathers. They each cut their pillow right in two, and then each took a tarred brush in hand dipped in a five-gallon can, and started on me, one in front and one in back. Then they threw feathers all over me, head to foot. I started to walk away, and they called me back and said: "We promised you a double dose," and I went through the same thing again. Then the leader said: "Walk ahead of me." So I walked a few feet and I turned round and said: "Where am I going?" And he said: "Never mind where you are going. Go." And I refused. He had a gun all this time right behind my back, and he told me: "You are going to hell," and I said: "Shoot and have it over with. You've gone so far, let's finish it up." And he shot, but he must have shot up in the air because he did not hit me. So I just lay there and waited for the other boys to come along.

When they got done tarring and feathering the rest of the boys, they took all our shoes and all the clothes they could use and saturated the rest with tar. All I had leaving the place was one coat, naked. We walked seven miles in our bare feet. Several autos passed us, and we hollered at them, but they refused to hear, until a man come along with a big Mason button. His name was Roy Massingale. He and two others were in a coupe for three, but piled us all six outside and in, and we got it all smeared with tar. He took us to Oliver, where he went up to a farm house himself and got six gunny sacks to cover us up with. Then he went to a restaurant, but had to pound on the door fifteen minutes before he could get a man waked up. He ordered coffee and something to eat right away, and said he would pay all damage to the restaurant by our sitting in it with tar and feathers. He was headed for Los Angeles, but said he would take us to San Pedro. But then a rescue party came with Mrs. Molina, and she took us up to her home and cleaned us all up. . . .

Last night (Monday, June 16) between five and six Jack Walsh and White and myself were in the hall and two sailors were outside looking in the window, and we recognized them as raiders. I recognized one as the one in the truck who said to me: "I am going to make you eat up the American flag." We saw an auto drive up and five officers in it, and the three of us went out, and I says to them: "Will you people arrest one sailor who was in the raiding party?" The first one said: "Well, we're neutral." Then the officer in the back seat said: "That's what we're up here for. Let's go get him." The sailor was running up the street, but the officers went after him and got him. The officer that started the arrest said: "What did you try to run away for?" The officer driving answered the question for him, and said: "That boy did not want to run away."

Jack Walsh and I went along with them. When we got in the station the same man that drove (he had a mustache) went up to the desk and winked and said: "This man wants to make a charge against this gob." The officer at the desk asked: "What charge?" And I said: "I positively identify this fellow as one of the raiding party on the truck." And the officer in charge told me I had to have a warrant from the prosecuting attorney's office before he could lock him up. The arresting officer (who had claimed he was neutral) then said to the sailor: "Come on, Buddy, let's drive out of here and go back to where we came from," and went out with him, winking at him.

Before we went out, Sergeant Weber (he used to be a sergeant in the army) threatened my life in the presence of Police Captain Hagenbaugh, and told me that the next party would be a hanging party, and he'd see that I was on it, too. (Signed) T. SULLIVAN

At the I. W. W. meeting on Wednesday, plans were made to hold a memorial mass meeting with ex-service men as speakers, in memory of the sailors lost in the Mississippi disaster.

In the Driftway

UNTIL the other day the Drifter was very much in sympathy with the recent criticisms of Northwestern University which have come from his comrades, the editors of *The Nation*. But now he is somewhat shaken by the fact that the authorities of that militarized institution have just bestowed the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature upon *The Nation's* own William Hard. That offsets in the Drifter's eyes many LL.D.'s awarded to Calvin Coolidge and Warren Gamaliel, Nicholas Murray, the Kaiser, and other great and good men. The Drifter wishes that every one of *The Nation's* readers could know Bill Hard, as all Washington calls him, as he does. If they did they, too, would say that Northwestern had done itself particularly proud. For this man Hard is, to apply an outworn, old-time phrase, a "real character." In other words, he has a rare individuality, as well as an amazingly original way of putting things in type. He is so individual, so original in his processes, that sometimes the Drifter wonders why Bill Hard has not been lynched—he is in himself such a traitor to our most cherished American belief that we must, if we are loyal, reduce every living soul to one model that shall feel and talk and sleep and eat and drink and think just like everybody else. The truth is, Bill Hard has succeeded in winning for himself a special place in the affections of all sorts and kinds of people. The Drifter knows that his colleagues get letters declaring that Bill Hard has "fallen" for the social game. But the Drifter merely smiles at that, as at the complaints that Bill Hard's views and those of *The Nation* differ. That is one reason, the Drifter believes, why he is so welcome in the columns of *The Nation;* it is not afraid to present differing views, And when you come right down to it, the Drifter has to confess he does not know whether Bill Hard is a reactionary or a wild radical; he is a genuine human being with a most picturesque and graphic style, deep sympathies, and rare intuition. The Drifter would like to have bestowed three times as many honorary degrees upon Bill Hard as were

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this year garnered by that nonsensical economist, the Hon. Andrew D. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury.

* * * * *

NOW that he is on the subject of personalities, the Drifter cannot forego the opportunity to express his regret that Henry T. Finck, for more than forty years the music critic of the New York *Evening Post*, has voluntarily left that once brilliant daily. Finck calls himself seventy years of age, but it is a transparent lie, for his heart of youth can never have grown so old. A joyous child he always has been and will be, perennially with passionate loves and passionate hates, now championing Wagner in the days when to do so was to write oneself down a conceited, affected jackanapes, now abusing Brahms and living to repent that in considerable degree. Strange how few of us are capable of championing more than one radical departure from the beaten paths! Of course, Finck loved too dearly both his Paderewskis and his Geraldine Farrars to be an ideal critic —but them he loved so ardently and so faithfully! For many, many years the sole reviewer of musical books for *The Nation*, Finck served it well in numerous other fields. Seventeen books stand to his credit, running from music through "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty" and gardening to "Girth Control."

* * * * *

YES, Henry T. Finck, too, has personality, individuality, character—whatever you choose to call it. He is a living example of what absolutely full self-development does for a person, for he has been "Expressing Henry" all his life (except when he has palmed off some of his able wife's music criticism as his own). Which reminds the Drifter how the second edition of the *Evening Post* once nearly failed to appear. Accustomed always to absolute freedom from the copy-desk blue pencil, or any control by business office or managing editor or owner, Finck naturally was bitterly outraged one day when he came back from lunch to find in the first edition in utterly garbled form a musical criticism he had sent up in the morning. His shrieks of pain, his outburst of rage that after thirty-five years his virtue should thus be outraged by this mishandling of his copy brought a half-dozen editors to his side. A *posse comitatus* started with Finck for the composing-room to find the guilty man, since no editor had even glanced at the copy. The composing-room protested its innocence and to prove it produced Finck's unaltered manuscript. Comparing it with the printed page Finck made the startling discovery that the newspaper in his hand was not the *Evening Post* but its rival the *Globe* and the guilty criticism not his but a rival critic's! The Drifter has the authority of six eye-witnesses that alcohol played no part in this transaction, and that Henry Finck never in his life went downstairs so fast as on this occasion or amid such shrieks of laughter.

* * * * *

SO the Drifter wishes Henry Finck years of joy and happiness and as much of the red wine of his new home on the Riviera as is good and proper for him. Some day the Drifter may be ready to give up wandering the world o'er and writing for his special corner in *The Nation*. When that day comes he hopes he will take with him as much love and affection as does Finck. But he fears that if he is to accomplish this some one else must be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Mythical Cohesion of the Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I point out a few trifling deviations from the verities in Miss Wallerstein's The Jewish Babbitt? There are just two things that make a Babbitt forever impossible: suffering and learning. A Babbitt is possible to America because in this land of great, natural plenty one may survive and wax fat without either. But the Jew, the eternal Christ of the world suffering for the sins of the people, has covered Europe with his blood and his tears these twenty centuries; and the rosters of the City College of New York will show what value fathers who earn a terrible and precarious existence in sweat-shop or rag-bags, widowed mothers who earn scant and bitter bread through ten hours of daily scrubbing still lay on learning.

The abiding wonder to me, as to other patient observers, has been that there should be so little cohesion among a people so ringed about with dislike and persecution. So far from "Jews employing, so far as possible, only Jews," experience and statistics show that they bend slightly backward and employ, as far as possible, only Christians. The largest construction company in New York, for instance, with a Jew at its head, makes it an iron-clad rule to employ no Jews.

I would the Jews had some of this mythical cohesion. Then they might preserve some of the color and poetry and tradition of their race and their race life, and so make their unique and characteristic contribution to the stream of our common life in America. So terrible is the social pressure put on them, so great the contempt in the life around them for everything Jewish, that the passionate wish, often of the immigrant, invariably of his children, is to be "a real American," more American than the Americans, if possible.

Miss Wallerstein says she and Abraham Levy are relatives and she does not know which regrets the fact more. May I suggest that while Miss Wallerstein has the compensatory advantages of having "put her stuff across," Abraham Levy has only the dismayed grief of one who has been treacherously wounded in the house of a friend?

New York, June 2 DOROTHEE MEIROWSKY

The Real Jewish Babbitt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Wallerstein in her recent article on The Jewish Babbitt betrays a sad lack of knowledge of conditions among American Jewry. What appears in the distance to be a militant Jewish Ku Klux Klan is in reality a mirage. She mistakes a blatant small class of "professional Jews" who believe the essence of Judaism to lie in the combating of anti-Semitism for the vast majority of American Jewry. True, Jewry *is* suffering from a virulent siege of Babbittism with extremely serious complications—but not of the type described by Miss Wallerstein. The truth of the matter is that American Jewry is not "rampantly Semitic." With a few exceptions it is amazingly un-Jewish, even anti-Jewish in sentiment. The American Jew—always excepting the race-conscious communal worker who assumes the burden of Jewish activities—is not 100 per cent Jewish but is simply sedentary, self-complacent, eagerly adapting himself to American standards—the true Babbitt.

Miss Wallerstein envisages a Jewish Ku Klux but in reality she sees the white hoods of the Shomrim (watchmen) guarding the socialistic colonies of Jewish pioneers in Palestine. And it is the pioneers and idealists in Palestine with whom Hallinan unconsciously sympathizes, for their aim is to re-establish the right of the Jew to live as a Jew, not as a cultural hybrid.

Toronto, May 27 L. G.

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Jews Must Stick Together

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read Miss Wallerstein's article The Jewish Babbitt and must confess I have failed to grasp what she wants to say. That all the Jews are not ideal men and women? That we have Babbitts, bigots, corrupt politicians, criminals, literary censors, profiteers, snobs in our midst? If she followed the Yiddish radical dailies, which are the dominant force in the American Jewish press, she would be aware of the fact that all the types she objects to are very vigorously fought by the Jewish radicals. But when she speaks of the Jew Klux Klan, one is compelled to say that it is a very strained metaphor, unless she really believes in the existence of some "Elders of Zion," as her mysterious hints would lead one to think.

Where is there a Jewish organization which would resort to violence or social ostracism to enforce religious conformity? A conclusive answer to this question is to be found in the "Jewish Almanach" for the year 1917, published by the Jewish Community of New York. It appears that the total number of pews in all synagogues and prayer-meeting rooms of New York City on the two most important Jewish holidays was just sufficient to accommodate 42 per cent of all adult Jews. In other words, 58 per cent of the adult Jewish population of this city were not churchgoers. Moreover, 77 per cent of all Jewish children received no religious instruction.

It is true that since the World War a Jewish nationalism has grown up among the Jews of America, including Socialists and radicals. But this movement originated as one of organized self-defense against anti-Semitic aggression. When you daily come across advertisements reading "Clerk (or stenographer) wanted, Christian," "Private room for rent in a suite of law offices to Christian attorney," "Accountant wanted; state religion and salary expected," "Apartment to let to Christian family," is it not natural for Jews to cling to their own race? The parallel between the Poles, the Czechs, and the Jews does not hold. The Jews have not had, nor are they likely ever to have, the power to limit the number of Gentile students in universities. But an American university president did propose such a scheme. The other day it was reported from Budapest that the Hungarian students of the medical school pointed out to the professor of anatomy in the classroom four of their Jewish fellow-students whom they proposed to kill in order to provide Jewish corpses for dissection, the reason being that the Jewish community provided for a funeral in every pauper case. It was not a ghastly joke; it was meant in all seriousness, as if it were a case of rabbits who were to be killed for scientific experiments. Faced with this recrudescence of medievalism many of the thinking Jews who had gone through life as internationalists and assimilationists have been forced to the conclusion that the Jews must stick together for mutual protection against militant anti-Semitism. Apparently in her associations among the Jews Miss Wallerstein has not come across this type of Jewish nationalist.

New York, May 23 ISAAC A. HOURWICH

Common Clay

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot see that the above correspondents disagree with my article on any fundamental point, but I do feel that they misunderstood it. I simply pointed out that Jews were made only of human clay, that they had their jingoes just as any other nation has, and that liberals should cease to idealize Jews just because they are an oppressed race. I cited the instances of the Poles and the Czechs, not to prove that Jews would do the same, as Dr. Hourwich assumes, but merely to illustrate the fact that suffering and oppression do not make heroes. The case for Jewish freedom rests not on the virtue of the Jew, but on his existence as a human being, and I urged liberals to fight his fight on the latter ground rather than on the former. Incidentally I mentioned the Jews who resent Jewish Babbittry, of whom Dr. Hourwich seems to think I have never heard.

Now, jingoism emphasizes national *interest* as against national *ideals*. The hundred-percenter has little of the Declaration of Independence or the Bill of Rights in his philosophy, but much of America First. So, too, the Jewish jingo has little of Jewish religion or idealism, as all the above writers point out, but he clings to the protection of Jewish interests. This seems to me perfectly compatible with the breach between Jews as we know them and Jewish ideals, and hence I do not feel that there is any issue between the above letters and my article. In fact, Dr. Hourwich himself speaks of this breach at the same time that he asserts that nationalism is growing among Jews.

Dr. Hourwich explains the nationalist spirit which my article described. But his explanation rather establishes the fact than overthrows it. Indeed the anti-Semitic attack which he describes has had quite the same effect on Jewish nationalism that the "attack" of Germany had on French nationalism, or the "attack" of Russia on German nationalism, including even the Social Democrats. They, by the way, correspond closely to the one-time internationalists who, Dr. Hourwich says, have been converted to Jewish nationalism.

I further cite Dr. Hourwich's letter as an answer to Miss Meirowsky. The suffering of the Jew, contrary to her statement, has rather aroused his jingoism than otherwise. In fact, perhaps the worst thing that anti-Semitism has done to the Jews is to increase their jingoism and mob-mindedness, just as the war increased them among the peoples involved.

New York, June 23 BERTHA WALLERSTEIN

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD, HENDRIK VAN LOON, and ART YOUNG, together with the Editor of *The Nation*, are contributing special campaign comment to *The Nation*.

ERNESTINE EVANS is a New York journalist of wide experience who is particularly conversant with the recent political activities of women.

ISABEL LEAVENWORTH is an instructor in philosophy at Barnard College.

MARY REED, formerly on the staff of *The Nation*, is now living in Los Angeles.

SIDNEY F. WICKS is on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD, poet and author and professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

JOSEPH KRUTCH, *The Nation's* special reviewer of fiction, contributed an article on Modern Love and Modern Fiction in the issue of June 25.

RUTH BENEDICT is a member of the faculty of Anthropology at Columbia University.

E. MONTENEGRO has been the New York correspondent for several Chilean journals.

ARTHUR MOSS is an American writer living in Paris.

E. C. LINDEMAN is the author of "Social Discovery," recently published by the Republic Publishing Company.

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Blake

By HAROLD LEWIS COOK

Blake was the child who saw
God at his window-pane.
He frightened Blake and then
Went away again.

Blake saw angels in
A tree at Peckham Rye,
Like stars upon the branches
They flamed before his eye.

Blake was a madman to
The men of his day;
They never saw the Lord
Or Heaven his way.

It is a queer thing:
Though I am wise and sane
God does not come to stare
Through my window-pane,

Nor anywhere in London
Do angels stand in trees,
Though I have knelt down yearning
For visions like these.

Books

England's Labor Rulers

J. Ramsay MacDonald. By Iconoclast. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.
England's Labour Rulers. By Iconoclast. Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.
Margaret Ethel MacDonald. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

IT is necessary to read these three books together in order to gain an adequate understanding of the significance of the British Labor Party. They reveal the fact that a labor party must be something more than a mere federation of trade unions negotiating first with one party and then with another. A political party which seriously faces power must be shaped by a conscious philosophy, stimulated by intellectuals, and fired by spiritual ideals; a party which rises above the class war, with a national ideal and an international vision. These books should be pondered over and taken to heart by every labor leader in America.

Iconoclast has done his work well. His books have the essential virtue of books and speeches—they are interesting. They are intellectually exciting and reveal the romance in politics. Iconoclast is too much of the born publicist to be able to make a cold-blooded estimate of things. Believing that we live by admiration alone, he has thrown himself into the task with uncritical zeal. The result is a picture that cannot be used as a textbook, but which illumines the subject and gives to the reader the right "feeling" about the British labor crusade. His terse descriptions of fourteen labor leaders satisfy the craving of the American to know human facts about the Labor Government. The men shown here, men with hands gnarled in boyhood days in factory and pit, with minds enriched by secret study, with wills disciplined by long years of public service, with hearts fired by a passion for social righteousness—is it not a proud thing for Great Britain to have produced men such as these? What is the secret of England that she calls such men to her service?

Iconoclast's study of J. Ramsay MacDonald, although cast in the orthodox form of biography—"From Log Cabin to White House," as it were—is really a quest for MacDonald's secret, and if that secret eludes him it is because a man who cannot baffle his biographer is not a great man. But Iconoclast delves to the heart all the time. Whether writing of MacDonald's mysterious boyhood, his struggles in London, his marriage with Margaret Ethel Gladstone, his historic words in the House of Commons in August, 1914, his patient bearing of the cross of hatred, his call to the soul of England in 1923, Iconoclast hovers in fascination about the ultimate secret. Because of that we forgive him for that attempt to reproduce an "H. G. Wells" conversation in the chapter headed Some Questions. What is the unifying element in MacDonald? He has physical beauty and intellectual ruthlessness; he loves romance and reverences logic; he is a shrewd politician and a knight in shining armor; an orator in public, but reticent in private; a proud Scotchman, but a lover of all peoples; a Socialist, but a fighter of revolution; impatiently inclined to domineer, yet bending patiently to circumstance; treading a lonely path, yet drawing men after him. The unifying element in all this is—J. Ramsay MacDonald. The baffling secret is the secret of all genius, the hidden creative fire of the world, the mysterious forge where the sword Excalibur is shaped. MacDonald draws his strength "from the deeps" and deep calls unto deep. He has a listening attitude. In the chapters The Sling and the Stone and The Secret of the Scot, Iconoclast shows why the British folk recognize in Ramsay MacDonald a great prime minister. It is because they do not entirely understand him. The Englishman has always loved the mystery of the Celt.

Some facts stand clear. By his stand during the war Ramsay MacDonald preserved the most precious heritage of the British race—he saved free speech. Of equal importance, we now see that his staunch defense of parliamentary institutions saved democracy in England and shattered the Bolshevik menace. He was not a pacifist in the negative, anemic sense of making pledges about a purely hypothetical future; he loved peace as the essential condition of an adventurous crusade for a clean, sweet civilization. That is why ex-soldiers (who had been long enough in the trenches to overcome hatred) formed his bodyguard at the last election.

Each one of these books, and supremely Ramsay MacDonald's biography of his wife, reveals a vital factor in the power of the Labor Party. Its choicest leaders have dedicated themselves to the faith that the ethics of the Carpenter of Nazareth are the only permanent foundation of an industrial order. John Wesley as well as Keir Hardie has had something to do with this. Philip Snowden's father, the Yorkshire weaver, gave young Philip the passion of the Sermon on the Mount. From the ranks of Wesleyan lay preachers came Arthur Henderson. Vernon Hartshorn first proclaimed his gospel in a pulpit. C. G. Ammon wrote a book called "Christ and Labour." Frank Hodges worked as a lay preacher after he left Ruskin College. In similar work in Durham, Benjamin Spoor won his spurs. In the story of Ethel Margaret MacDonald this religious faith, transmuted from emotion into the practical activities of social service, is tenderly revealed. It is the story of countless golden lads and lasses in England. She turned from pottering about among ecclesiastical activities and the placing of lilies on altars to serving the children of the slums.

MacDonald's story of his wife is a piece of literature. It must live. The soul of Margaret Ethel MacDonald goes marching on in the labor ranks. Those women were poets who laid flowers on her "memorial seat" when Ramsay MacDonald was called to power. The women of America are idealists. They need the power revealed in this book.

Iconoclast does justice to the work of the intellectual in creating the Labor Party. Trade unions are naturally conservative; the intellectuals gave to them the philosophic adventure of ideas. They gave to discontents a disciplined body of

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science and a star-theory by which to steer. Mr. and Mrs. Webb are the architects of the New Jerusalem of Labor. Noel Buxton, Charles Trevelyan, Lord Olivier, Brigadier General Thomson, Lord Haldane—they are adventurers all—the Elizabethan Captains of the Intellect. Ramsay MacDonald and they have no dim apocalyptic vision, they have shown how the shining turrets and towers of the city of God may be built foursquare above the slums of our civilization.

SIDNEY F. WICKS

Byron: 1824-1924

Byron in England. By Samuel C. Chew. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

The Political Career of Lord Byron. By Dora Neill Raymond. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

SAMUEL CHEW'S book is one chapter in the adventures of Byron's spirit among mankind, chiefly after his adventures in the flesh had ended; and the book itself is one of the last of these adventures. The making of it must have been a most exciting adventure for Mr. Chew, assuredly now America's most enthusiastic and erudite Byron scholar. He has explored Byron not alone as he lived on in the minds of Hazlitt, Macaulay, Arnold, Swinburne, Browning, Meredith, Morley, and their kind and found their praise or blame often amusingly implicated with their likes and dislikes of individuals or with the tendencies of their own day; but he has left his study-chair at Bryn Mawr to rummage, with enormously developed acquisitive instincts, in libraries and private collections on either side of the sea, through musty volumes and pamphlets, files of old magazines and newspapers, scrap-books and private letters—and I surmise his notes must have weighed at least two thousand pounds. The book orders and integrates all the important critical pronouncements, yet skimps interpretation of the ups and downs of Byron's fame—presumably because so many of the judicially selected citations deal precisely with this outstanding phenomenon. But much of the new material is cultural history, the adventures of Byron's spirit with imitators, tricky booksellers, forgers, dissenting ministers—a diverting tale of rascals and fools that seems to negate any essential differences of taste, common sense, and morality between cultivated England and the untutored land of my own far slighter study some years ago, "Byron in America." Mr. Chew himself says his book is, aside from its exhaustive bibliography (53 pages), largely a contribution "to the age-long history of the curiosities of literature and the calamities of authors."

These calamities include twenty-nine futile continuations of "Don Juan," besides imitations innumerable, of which the only one to become even a literary memory was the "Fanny" of the American Halleck; they include the free use and freer misuse of his personality in a number of novels from the notorious "Glenarvon" of Caroline Lamb to the "Bendish" of Maurice Hewlett; and an apocrypha consisting of ten books, ten shorter poems, one prose satire, and two collections of letters. And not the least of the calamities was the prejudicial influence of most of this work on Byron's own reputation: it used to be taken seriously enough for serious review—Poe more than once reviewed such stuff himself—and Byronism in both England and America by the sixties had very nearly damned Byron, when Tennyson's tea-table muse wooed scribblerdom elsewhere.

Mr. Chew has got together a really huge mass of entertaining, significant, and otherwise inaccessible information, for the accuracy of which, however, his own solid reputation must be our sole guaranty.[1] His notes must have offered a bewildering problem in arrangement, perhaps incapable of satisfactory solution, though I think I should have tried to separate more consistently and explicitly the adventures of Byron's spirit among the intellectually respectable from its adventures among the intellectual underworld. His design has apparently limited his interpretative comment, as, for instance, an easy resolution of the famous opposing judgments of Swinburne, who stressed Byron as a whole, and Arnold, who maintained he was best in selections: the one was thinking of creative energy, the other of artistry. And why does he tell us to forget "the ancient scandals"? Byron is not only a world-poet but a world-personality, and none knows better than Professor Chew, the astute critic of "Astarte" and the 1922 volumes of Byron's "Letters," that they are not scandals but human problems full of pathos and awe for wise men and women.

It is the personality, rather than the poet, whom Miss Raymond, with a zest of phrase and sweep of narrative art as intriguing as Ethel Mayne's in her "Biography," brings home to our imagination and our critical intelligence. A spirit as complex and a life as full as Byron's offer the student many leitmotivs—friend, husband, lover, critic, letter-writer, swimmer, sinner, traveler, satirist, poet, politician. Miss Raymond has chosen the last with heartening and instructive emphasis on the politician in action. For Byron with Milton and the less great Blunt is the only English poet who has followed through political thought to consistent political conduct in public affairs. If Byron had been essentially the rhetorical type of mind that some have thought, the mind whose ideals of the new freedom and of a world made safe for democracy ethically culminate and conclude upon achieving the right words, then his eloquent rhymes or trenchant letters about Washington and Bolivar, the rights of Ireland and India, the predatory imperialism of England, the oppressions of the Holy Alliance would never have furnished forth the career Miss Raymond records. Even the early speech in the House of Lords, in defense of the frame-breakers of Nottingham (the I. W. W.'s of that day), might have been set down to forensics or a perverse penchant to shock. But no rhetorician would have risked money, time, life itself as Byron did in his whole-hearted and practical cooperation for the liberation of Italy and of Greece; and ears dulled by long repetition of his verses or offended by apostrophes now out of fashion will experience, I think, an authentic thrill if they will listen again to Byron the poet after reading this book on Byron the politician.

The story of Byron in Greece has never been so well told. Byron with the sword of freedom in his hand was the one indubitable realization in the flesh of that reiterated romanticist doctrine, most musically proclaimed by the young Coleridge and the young Shelley, of the poet as in his highest function liberator and reformer of states. But all the bright colors and triumphant parade were absent. Instead—the squat plaster headquarters in a sordid little seaport of the Levant, the gray skies and the filthy marshes, the dissensions and duplicity of the Greek leaders, the ragged soldiery, the hopeless disorganization in the economic and financial as well as military energies in that "land of lost gods and god-like men" he had come to help, the motley knight-errantry of the Philhellenes—Englishmen, Italians, Germans, who soon found that their reading in Homer and Sophocles and Plato was a quite inadequate preparation for the task of driving the Turks out of the Morea. Byron, with sword forward in air against the sunrise, leading a charge up some fiery slope—that was the vision of his admirers back in England; perhaps a dream of his own as he said goodby to Teresa. "Dis aliter visum." Yet only in the dispiriting miseries and stifling confusions of Missolonghi did Byron find for the first time a worthy challenge to his dignity, patience, good sense, manhood. He was the one realist among the Philhellenes, seeing all the problems in their naked difficulty; and he was the one genuine idealist with the long, faithful look ahead to the big issue.

The "Noctes Ambrosianae" of *Blackwood's* in June, 1824,

[1] But, if I may say so, George Lunt (p. 200), whose "Grave of Byron" is correctly listed in the Bibliography, was not an Englander but a New Englander; and Andrews Norton's once celebrated study (p. 219) appeared not in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but in the *North American Review* (1825), the little slip being due apparently to some furtive and pesky reminiscence of the *Atlantic Magazine*, with which Norton's friend Bryant was connected in the late 1820's.

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prophesied that Byron would still be remembered a hundred years after. In June, 1924, the sun shines on a glacial boulder on the hilltop of Cologny overlooking clear, placid Leman, whose simple legend was only last month unveiled—*À Byron.*

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Toward a Social Psychology

Psychology and Primitive Culture. By F. C. Bartlett. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

SOCIAL psychology has most often concerned itself with formulating schematic systems of social development, and there is a growing recognition that it has perhaps been overhasty. It is at least reasonable to doubt whether we shall have illuminating schematizations of society as a whole till we are wiser about the cultural fortunes of any one society, and we seem to be on the point of making up our minds to a great amount of preliminary labor with concrete data.

It is, therefore, a hopeful step which Mr. Bartlett has taken in this book. He has set himself to the study of actual conditions in primitive society, believing that light will thereby be thrown on the subject of human behavior, modern as well as primitive. It is not in the contrasts between the two, but in their samenesses that he finds special significance for his purpose. We have every reason to believe that there have been no fundamental changes in the human mind since the dawn of pre-history. Modern man handles the material with which his civilization presents him very much as primitive man handles his; the difference is in the character of the traditional material.

The greatest virtue of Mr. Bartlett's work is its awareness of diverse cultural orientations and the part that these play in determining human response. Man's actions and motives are in every society overwhelmingly part of the traditional fabric of his own particular social group; and this is very nearly as true today as it was at the dawn of history. To look for the explanation of behavior, then, wholly in the realms of individual psychology, as is customary in the standard works, and as Frazer, for instance, has done in the field of primitive studies, is to ignore the mountain for the frost-formation on its rocks. The institution of modern monogamy and its outlawed adjuncts is not so much elucidated by analyses of the original nature of man, nor by classifications of the instincts, as by the historical fortunes of this arrangement and its antecedents in the cultures from which ours derives; and by comparisons with the diverse schemes which obtain in many other human societies. We can never go back, even in origin theories, to a pre-social individual, and to attempt to postulate such a being in theories of behavior in society of today is indefensible. Man is always not merely a man, but a man of a social group. His responses have been conditioned from birth by the character of the culture into which he was born.

It is encouraging to those who hope to achieve some understanding of human behavior through the study of these cultural patterns to find this position in a book of this character. Nevertheless, it is a dull book, and its own individual contributions are of doubtful value. In its leading discussion of the forms of man's social reactions, it adds one more to the recent output of fundamental classifications of human types. Such schemes, if they are shrewd and well-documented, have a justification in themselves apart from their claims; but this has not even the trappings which might win us to it. Mr. Bartlett calls these fundamental responses by the rather clumsy phrase of "social relationship tendencies" and finds that they are three: primitive comradeship, assertiveness, and submissiveness. He discusses these in their bearing upon the manner in which a migrating people spreads its culture among people with whom it comes in contact, balancing the results in hypothetical cases where the migrating tribe was either friendly, aggressive, or subservient. He considers them also in relation to the folk-tale, though he is able to do no more than assemble from primitive mythology illustrations of the various sorts of dispositions. In his discussion of the diffusion and elaboration of culture, he lays these fundamental responses aside entirely. The total result is a rather cursory collection of notes, for all Mr. Bartlett's attempts to achieve consecutiveness by abstracts and recapitulations.

Nevertheless, the book is encouraging. The descriptive material on which it is based is of the highest order, and it includes such American monographs as that of Professor Boas on the Tsimshian and of Dr. Radin on the Winnebago. If as a whole the book is tantalizing, it is because it is able to suggest an approach to the problem of human behavior the possibilities of which we are just beginning to explore.

RUTH BENEDICT

A Northern Mystic

The Philosopher's Stone. By J. Anker Larsen. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

FROM Hamsun, Nexö, and others we have come to expect of the Northern novelist at least an aesthetic participation in the simple paganism of the life which he describes, but the spiritual kinship of J. Anker Larsen is less with the Viking than with the mystics of the Spanish cloister. Against a background of people and things which has been made familiar to us by a long line of translations, he tells a strange story of a search for that God who is conceived as existing not in, but above and in opposition to, the gods of nature, and he puts himself with his tortured mysticism and a certain prurient emphasis on "purity" among the febrile saints.

That his book has power and originality there is no denying; moreover, it won the Gyldendal prize and received high praise from Knut Hamsun; but so completely is everything subordinated to the thesis—the need of the modern world to establish through the Mystic Way a contact with the unseen—that to judge it is to judge mysticism itself. If those tortured eccentrics who find in brief ecstatic glimpses of an unknown world the only escape from the filthiness of normal life are indeed prophets, then "The Philosopher's Stone" is a very great book; but if they see not into heaven but only into the depths of their own neurotic temperaments it is merely a strange document, and I must confess that my interest in it was as a description of one of the varieties of religious experience rather than as a work of art. The power which its author has of sketching character and of describing incidents might, if differently used, raise him to the very first rank, but as the story proceeds his preoccupation with the thesis grows more and more complete until it becomes impossible to judge the book as an objective work.

Early in his dreamy childhood Jens Dahl, hidden in a barn, caught sight of a girl whom he knew and who was a part of his world of childish dreams in the act of being tumbled by a peasant. It would seem that this incident furnishes the real key to the book, for from that moment on the vision of a comely face distorted by passion haunts the boy; sex becomes for him the symbol of absolute evil; and his whole life is an effort, not always successful, to escape from it. Nearly four hundred large pages swarming with characters and incidents carry him through various adventures in frustrated love and religion and bring him at last to suicide, but none of his motives is very clear except his fear of love. Like all the more tortured and febrile mystics, his God and his good are vague, but his Devil and his evil are concretely represented in bodily desire. Often he is tempted; sometimes he "falls"; but he never seems to realize that an action which is undoubtedly nasty when he performs it may not only seem different but may be different for another. There is something in the very manner in which he uses the words "innocence" and

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"purity" which make him seem to the pagan or to the rationalist hopelessly corrupt. Actually the whole importance of the book's thesis will turn upon an answer to the question, "Did Jens hate sexual passion because he was a mystic or did he become a mystic because he hated sexual passion?"

The first terrifying experience of the little boy was probably not an unusual one, for it often happens that children see things not intended for their eyes. Then the whispered nastiness of the school-yard is suddenly connected with some person near to them and the world is poisoned because they cannot achieve that reconciliation of passion with ideality which can be made only through the medium of personal emotion. Physical desire is beautiful only in oneself. The power of idealizing it and of accepting it as a valuable part of life comes only at the time when it is needed. If a child is brought suddenly face to face with a fact which he has no means of comprehending the shock may be the beginning of a lifelong inability to accept life and of a perpetual sickness of the soul. Then, since sexual feelings are forbidden by disgust to express themselves through normal channels, they must make for themselves an illusory satisfaction, and the result is the mystic vision which is characterized by the exalted ideality of passion without the conscious intervention of sex. Whoever cannot accept sex cannot accept life, and finding the world one in which he cannot live he creates another.

Thus, though I recognize fully Larsen's powers and though I am ready enough to sympathize with his desire to escape from mere materialism, I believe that I understand too clearly the pathological character of Jens's experiences to accept them as a very valuable contribution to the spiritual life. Christianity is perhaps dead, having passed through humanitarianism to materialism, but if the modern world needs (in the words of Larsen) "a religious sense" that religious sense has expressed itself in more fruitful forms not incompatible with the acceptance of the world in which we live. Though Larsen never seems to realize it, knowledge and experience may be just as innocent as ignorance, and whoever believes in the supreme importance of intangible things is as religious as man need to be. In the language of art and, sometimes, of science, we express our sense of man's relation to things more important than his bodily needs, and when we recognize these things and this relationship we are lifted as far above the earth as man's spirit may safely go.

J. W. Krutch

A Latin-American Crusader

El Destino de un Continente. Por Manuel Ugarte. Brentano's. $1.

DENUNCIATIONS of the most bitter character against the United States are not sporadic literature in the countries to the south; but Ugarte has made a fresh appeal to his race by refraining from hatred and blind prejudice, by conjuring up the sentiments of patriotism and solidarity, exerting himself at the same time not to arouse the xenephobia and boxerism of the masses. On the contrary, Ugarte says: "To show contempt for the United States is rank folly; to hate them would be an inferior sentiment, conducive to nothing." And in his preface: "No one admires more than I do the greatness of the United States, and seldom will you find anyone with a clearer notion of the necessity of our getting together with them in the development of our future life; but this must be done upon an equitable basis."

Like Dr. Ingegnieros, another Argentine writer, Ugarte sees in the greatness and superior development of the United States the very reason for fear. Both see well enough the weaknesses and shortcomings now handicapping the peoples of their race, but nevertheless they call upon them to organize and resist. Ugarte's main reason for this is that he does not believe that the absorption of a people by another of an alien blood does good to either of them. He thinks legitimate certain expansive movements known to history, such as that of Piamonte in spreading its rule over Italy, of Prussia over Germany, etc. He does not even fear a military conquest of Latin America. What he does fear is the economic absorption that sucks out the life-blood of a country, leaving only the empty shell to its people to rejoice in.

> In olden times imperialism was satisfied with no less than a general levy of the inhabitants of a conquered territory to make them serve as slaves; later on, it took possession of the land, leaving the people a certain autonomy; today it contents itself with taking hold of the sources of wealth, leaving the land and the inhabitants to themselves.

In the main this volume is a diary of the journey made by Ugarte in 1913 from Buenos Aires to Mexico, Cuba, and the United States, with stops on the way back in every one of the Central and South American republics. Later Ugarte went to Uruguay and Brazil, and in 1917 he made a second visit to Mexico at the invitation of President Carranza and the National University. Everywhere he went he met with the more or less open hostility of the American diplomatic representatives and, with the exception of Mexican officials on his second trip to Mexico, by the evasiveness of the Latin-American governments, who were frankly afraid to displease their powerful neighbor.

We, the Latin-American peoples, believes Señor Ugarte, are an entity and must have a policy of our own. Pan-Americanism is inimical to our best interests, and the Pan-American Union is a kind of Imperial Cabinet, with the American Secretary of State for its metropolitan Prime Minister. The Monroe Doctrine should be repudiated by us in so far as it pretends to establish a sort of guardianship of the United States over the rest of the Americas. Ugarte believes that today, as a century ago, Bolivar's aspirations toward a united America of Spanish blood should be maintained. To this end, a reversal of economic as well as of international policies among the separate republics must be effected. Foreign loans have been the means by which Wall Street has mortgaged nearly every government in every Latin-American country; those debts must be paid off through economy and honesty in the public administration, and not in the way now done, by contracting a larger indebtedness. National industries should be encouraged, for there is no real wealth where the raw product of a country has to go to foreign manufacturers to come back as the finished product, taxed by custom duties, plus the cost of the double transportation, plus the profit of the merchant and the manufacturer. For the same reasons Ugarte recommends the building of railroads linking the neighboring republics, the creation of mercantile marines under their own flags, and free introduction of products that are exchangeable.

The astounding fact is that this book has been written and published with confidence after the events of the last five years, when the United States has become in fact the arbiter of the destinies of America and perhaps of the world. But to doubt the high-mindedness of the motives prompting Ugarte's attitude, is to ignore the Quixotic vein still running generously in the Spanish race. What Ugarte asks of the United States seems simple enough, in theory. That the Washington Government and the people behind it should not be made the battering-ram for the selfish interests of bankers, miners, industrialists, or any other private individual or corporation looking for profit in South America, appears only fair. That the American Secretary of State should not reserve for himself the right to decide who may and who may not become a candidate to office in any of the minor Latin-American republics, would not seem an intolerable demand to any American citizen well removed from those countries. Nevertheless, these two propositions are at the core of the whole contention which has been involving the United States and the peoples of the Caribbean for the last half century.

E. Montenegro

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Stage Left

The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia. By Huntly Carter. London: Chapman and Dodd, Ltd. 25/ net.

HERE is, unquestionably, a most important book on the theater. The author undertakes to acquaint the Western world with what really has taken place in Russia, theatrically speaking, since the revolution. The only other volume in English which has made any pretense of considering this subject is Oliver Sayler's "The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution." Mr. Sayler's book falls far short of its pretentious title. When he was in Russia and wrote his volume the revolution was still in the early phases of consolidation and the theater had not yet caught up with events. Mr. Carter, on the other hand, has been on the scene for several years and has been a close student of the amazing development which has taken place *since* 1918.

The Soviet Government, as soon as it could turn aside for a moment from complete concentration upon the desperate business of national defense and stabilization, directed its attention to the needs and purposes of the theater as it saw that institution. To Western Europe and America the theater of Russia is represented by Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Theater, Balieff's Chauve-Souris, and Tairoff's Kamerny Theater. In Russia, these organizations are regarded as running from extreme reactionary right to mild progressivism. As the more advanced groups present plays which are largely bound up with revolutionary politics and propaganda, it is obvious that they cannot get out across the Russian frontiers into other countries. That is our loss. For the theater today in Russia is for the most part as advanced and radical as the government itself. As the government is the government of the workers, so the theater is the theater of the workers.

Practically the whole Russian stage is under the control of an Extraordinary Commission headed by Lunacharski, the Commissar of Education, and divided into three main groups, Right, Center, and Left. The Right, which, like the others, enjoys state supervision and subsidy, is under the guidance of Stanislavsky, the Left answers to Meierhold, and the Center is Lunacharski's particular care. A few small groups remain outside this state organization. However, as their attitude is communistic, the government does not interfere with them. Whether this state regulation will eventually benefit or harm the theater is hard to tell at this stage of the game. According to Mr. Carter, theatergoing seems to be widespread and enthusiastic, and production has increased to a staggering degree.

Meierhold's extreme Left company and its associate groups are most truly representative of the revolutionary development of the modern Russian theater, in the opinion of Mr. Carter. For twenty-five years, since he first broke with Stanislavsky, Meierhold has always been in the forefront of revolt in theatrical production. About twenty years ago he was allied with Vera Kommissarzhevskaia. Then he joined the Tairoff group. Finally, feeling that even the Kamerny Theater was not abreast of the day, Meierhold again revolted. He is set against all of the old beauty and color. The theater today, he believes, should be expressive of this machine age. He uses no scenery in the old sense of that term. On his stage are scaffoldings, ladders, and wheels, all resembling modern industrial forms. The actors wear the blue denims and overalls of the factory. For lighting, just intense shafts of plain white light are thrown on the stage from the sides by powerful reflectors.

Of these matters, and, in fact, of all phases of the Russian stage and cinema, Mr. Carter's book is a thorough and comprehensive analysis. It is exceedingly well documented with photographs and drawings. The author has obviously gone to a tremendous amount of trouble in the cause of accuracy. Mr. Carter's style is, however, unhappily tiresome. In his anxiety to prove his various theses, he is repetitious to an exasperating degree. If it were not for the interest and importance of the subject matter, "The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia" would be hard reading. As it is, no critic and no dramatic artist in the Western world who pretends to an understanding and knowledge of the revolution that is going on in the Russian theater can afford to miss reading it.

ARTHUR MOSS

Not the Least of These United States

Rural Texas. By William Bennett Bizzell. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

TWO types of rural survey are now in vogue: minute studies of local communities or differentiated factors within local communities and broad-gauged attempts to envisage mass-phenomena. Mr. Bizzell's volume falls within the latter type. He attempts to evaluate the elements which combine to form the agricultural processes of our largest commonwealth. Mr. Bizzell is not merely a life-long resident of Texas but his position as president of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College provides him with peculiar vantage-points. His leadership within the State, moreover, rests upon a consistent liberalism as a consequence of which his volume cannot be used as convention literature. Exploitation of natural resources, inadequate educational facilities, decline of the rural church, an antiquated constitution, farm tenancy, rural child labor, the incipient evils of industrialism—all of these negative elements are frankly faced but they are faced with the attitude of one who believes in the possibilities of correction and improvement. The total impression is that of a man who sees wholes as well as parts, of a sympathetic student who is incapable of cynicism.

The mere detailed facts of agricultural production are not proper subjects for criticism. What one wishes to know is the meaning of facts in terms of human purposes and social development. That peculiar type of farming which goes by the name of "ranching," for example, presents a series of problems which are alien to ordinary rural regions. During the last decade wages and salaries increased in Texas to the extent of 149.9 per cent and capital investment in manufacturing increased 106.6 per cent, while rents and taxes increased 303.9 per cent. Some meaning lies hidden in a set of facts of this sort; but what is it? White farm owners and tenants are equally divided, but there are more than twice as many Negro tenants as Negro owners. More than 67 per cent of the people of Texas live in rural areas, but 96 per cent of the telephones are used by city dwellers. Divorce is generally assumed to be an urban disease, but only two normal States (Nevada excluded) exceed the divorce rate of Texas. These illustrations have been selected at random for the purpose of indicating that social diagnosis must go beyond statistical analysis. One wishes that Mr. Bizzell had drawn more fully upon his personal convictions so that psychological hypotheses might have forced his facts into the mold of problems.

One of the most arresting agricultural facts connected with Texas relates to farm organizations. The Farmers' Alliance and the Farmers' Union, the two consistently radical farm organizations, originated in Texas. It is also true that a more effective alliance between farmers and laborers exists in this State than in any other. The cities of Texas are notoriously conservative, but the farmers represent a tradition of revolt. In the election of 1860, for instance, the Texas vote was given neither to Douglas, the regular Democratic candidate, nor to Breckinridge, the rump candidate, but to Bell, who was Samuel Houston's personal candidate. Perhaps the answer to many of the perplexing questions suggested by Mr. Bizzell's book may be found in the statement: Texas is too large to be regarded either as an economic or a social unit.

E. C. LINDEMAN

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International Relations Section

A Bandit Caliph

By EMIL LENGYEL

SPANISH Morocco, the sorest spot along the Mediterranean, is to have a new caliph. Primo de Rivera, Spain's military dictator, is quoted by *l'Homme Libre* as having selected Raisuli, "Sultan of the Atlas Mountains," as the future head of Spain's African possessions.

Mulai ben Mohamed Raisuli possesses all the qualifications which make a good dynasty builder. Upon his command, his court-scientists discovered that he was a descendant of Mohammed the Prophet. He has been the most successful cattle thief and bandit of the Atlas Mountains and a specialist in kidnapping. His most famous exploit was the kidnapping of Ion Perdicaris, a wealthy American, which won him a pile of gold—paid by the Sultan of Morocco—the governorship of the Tangier district, and a place in American history when John Hay, Secretary of State, put the alternatives to the Sultan: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." But for the strenuous opposition of Raisuli himself the second alternative would have been vastly more acceptable to the Sultan. The kidnappings of General Sir Harry A. McLean, commander of the British expeditionary forces in Morocco, and of Walter B. Harris, correspondent of the London *Times*, were financial and diplomatic successes that paved the way toward the realization of his ambition.

By the selection of a "strong man" as the native chief of the Spanish zone Primo de Rivera admits his inability to pacify Spain's Moroccan possessions. At the same time this step marks the culmination of a number of humiliating reverses in the Moroccan campaign which has cost Spain, in addition to tens of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of pesetas, a loss of diplomatic prestige.

The very fact that Spain had accepted a mandate from the great Powers over the territory known as the Spanish Moroccan zone had been considered by contemporary observers as a grave blunder. Had the motives of the donors been analyzed their magnanimity in extending to Spain an invitation to participate in the partition of Morocco would have aroused suspicion. Unmindful of the potential consequences Spain accepted the mandate, which her military leaders were inclined to consider as a compensation for the loss of their Cuban and Philippine possessions. Soon it developed, however, that the great Powers did not confer a favor upon Spain by letting her "conquer" the mandated territory. As it is a comparatively barren stretch of land with practically no means of communication, it has no commercial value for the invaders. The residents of this territory are mostly fierce native tribes which have considered the invasion of the Europeans as an encroachment upon their rights. Mentally, these tribes are in no wise inferior to the conquerors. Racially, they mostly belong to the Hamitic branch of white humanity mixed considerably with the blood of the Negroes of the African continent. In their impenetrable mountain retreats Berbers, Arabs, and a number of other tribes are living. When taking up the struggle against the European invaders they had the invaluable advantage of being thoroughly familiar with the map of their rugged country, while the Spanish *conquistadores* had only a vague idea of its topographical peculiarities.

Another handicap of Spanish colonization in Morocco has been the inefficiency of their army of occupation and the lack of colonizing ability on the part of the Spanish administrations. While the French Foreign Legion in the adjoining part of Morocco has been making a steady advance, coming to terms with the natives, if possible, or crushing them by sheer military superiority, if necessary, the Spanish army leaders have consistently applied the method of the iron fist without recourse to the alternative of peaceful penetration.

Despite all efforts of the Spanish military caste, for which the conquest of Morocco was a "question of honor" calculated to counterbalance the evil effects of the Cuban and Philippine defeats upon their reputation, the Spanish army has suffered one reverse after the other on African soil. The disaster at Anual in 1921 was one of the greatest catastrophes that have befallen the Spanish expeditionary forces. Whole battalions, excellently equipped with long-range cannon, tanks, and all the other blessings of a superior European civilization, were swept off the slopes of the Atlas Mountains and the swampy regions of Melilla. The immediate result of the defeat at Anual was that the Spanish Government instituted an investigation with a view to determining the responsibility. Discontent with the conduct of the Moroccan campaign grew louder in Spain but, due to Spanish conditions, popular indignation could not be vented either in the press or on the speakers' platforms. The so-called law of jurisdictions, passed in 1905, made the "defamation of the army" subject to prosecution by court martial. The army officers have wielded a formidable power which they exercised through semi-sovereign organizations, their *juntas*. Although, internally, these *juntas* have been rent by dissension and intrigues, they have put up a solid front against intervention from the outside.

The interference of the Government with the *juntas* was the primary motive of the revolt of the officers and of General Primo de Rivera's pronunciamento of September 13, 1923. The officers found that the civilians had become too troublesome and that they had asked many unnecessary questions.

As a consequence of the advent to power of the dictator, European public opinion anticipated a speedy end of the guerrilla warfare of the native tribes in Spanish Morocco. They thought that Primo de Rivera would simply chase the Moors out of the country into the Sahara Desert. Preparatory to a more intensive campaign in Morocco, additional troops were concentrated in Africa. Expenditures for the upkeep of the army increased. Spain's foreign debt rose to the impressive figure of twenty billion pesetas, while there was a shortage of money for the construction of the most indispensable railways and waterways in Spain itself. Despite all this feverish preparation news of the much-heralded victory did not come. When at last the news did come from Morocco in a roundabout way, due to the rigorous censorship to which the newspapers in Spain are subjected, it told of a defeat which was as disastrous as that suffered at Anual under the old regime. It told that the tribesmen of Abd-ul-Kerin of the Rif made a holocaust of Spanish soldiers in the Wad Kert region. More recent reports mention new defeats at Sidi Messuad, a place whose name is associated with sad memories in the Spanish army.

The dictator's Moroccan policy, in its international aspects, has been equally unsuccessful. Spain has long kept

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a wistful eye on Tangier, the possession of which, Spanish statesmen thought, would give her a privileged position on the North African coast. When Primo de Rivera took control of the Government, he made some significant remarks which were interpreted as meaning that Spain had an exclusive right to Tangier. It was all the more surprising therefore that on December 18, 1923, the representative of the Spanish Government signed a provisional agreement in Paris which assured the supremacy of France in that important Moroccan seaport. According to the agreement, an International Legislative Control Commission takes charge of the administration of Tangier. The commission consists of twenty-six members, of whom only four are the representatives of Spain. The administrator of the port will be a Frenchman, who holds office for six years.

Concerning Spain's aspirations for the possession of Tangier, it is openly charged that the aggressive attitude of the Spanish militarists was responsible for the frustration of her long-cherished hopes. Rivera's bombastic talk about a "Latin bloc," comprising Italy and Spain, involved the possibility of their antagonistic attitude toward England as well as France, and the danger, in case of war, of the Latin bloc shutting the Mediterranean across the Balearic Islands (Gibraltar being in English hands, the Straits could not be closed either by Spain or Italy) brought England and France together in settling the Tangier problem. The supremacy of Spain in Tangier would have furthered the ends of the Latin bloc to the disadvantage of France and England.

Having come to grief with his Moroccan campaign and with his ambitious plans concerning Tangier, Primo de Rivera decided upon invoking the aid of Raisuli, the most powerful chieftain in the Atlas Mountains. Raisuli's candidacy for the dignity of the caliphate is interpreted as a step toward the vindication of the rights of a "subject race" in Spanish Morocco. It is appreciated, however, that real results cannot be obtained unless both the Spanish Government and Raisuli are sincere in their desire to pacify Morocco.

A serious difficulty which Raisuli's elevation to the caliphate has encountered is the opposition to his appointment by military leaders in the French part of Morocco. They are afraid, according to opinion in Spain, lest Raisuli may pacify the Spanish zone so thoroughly that it would not need French intervention at some future time. While the Moroccans are fighting in the neighboring zone with the bungling Spanish army, the French can push forward their front lines. The Spanish assert emphatically, and the French deny no less emphatically, that when the present task is finished the French Foreign Legion will cross the boundary line separating the two protectorates and will occupy Spanish Morocco. Liberal-minded Spanish statesmen have often voiced their conviction that Spain's services in the protectorate are needed by the great Powers only until the French have finished with their present job. This is one of the main arguments of the Spanish liberals in favor of a speedy evacuation of Morocco by the Spanish army.

Primo de Rivera's unexpected gesture in demanding the appointment of Raisuli as caliph is far from meaning his readiness to evacuate Morocco. It is the hopelessness of the situation on the Moroccan battlefield which compelled the dictator to make advances toward the natives with a view to having them participate in the administration of their own country.

The career of Mulai ben Mohamed Raisuli would be rounded off by his appointment to the caliphate. Formerly cattle thief and outlaw, he is now the most powerful sheik in the Atlas Mountains. His popularity is not overshadowed by that of any of his lesser rivals. The reports of his death which reappear almost every year in European newspapers, and the numerous offers he receives from moving-picture concerns to star in their productions, show that this picturesque ex-bandit stirs the imagination not only of the natives of Northern Africa but also of the inhabitants of other continents.

An Anglo-Italian Agreement in Jubaland

By GEORGE GLASGOW

London, May 29

THE British Foreign Office announced on May 23 that as the result of direct negotiations between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Signor Mussolini it has been decided to conclude an agreement regarding Jubaland on the lines laid down by Lord Milner and Signor Scialoja in April, 1920, and that Italian experts would come to London at an early date to settle the terms with British experts.

That announcement marked the end of a controversy which has irritated Anglo-Italian relations ever since the armistice. The announcement of the success at last reached was of course deliberately delayed till the eve of the Royal Italian visit to London so that the maximum diplomatic capital could be extracted from it. The convention which will give the exact form to the agreement will be drawn up in London by the expert conference; but the principles of it have now been laid down.

The settlement is the direct outcome of an offer which was sent from London on April 3, to the effect that Great Britain was now willing to cede the Milner-Scialoja line in Jubaland as a full and final redemption of the British promise made in the Pact of London of 1915. Before the present Government came into office the Jubaland settlement was held up because of the British Government's refusal to divorce the two questions of Jubaland and the Dodecanese. Soon after the present Government was formed Mr. Ponsonby made a statement in the House of Commons that an early settlement of the Jubaland question could not be expected because Italy wanted to exclude the question of the Dodecanese from the negotiations.

The new British policy is simply an acceptance of the Italian desire for a Jubaland settlement on its merits, and without reference to the Dodecanese. The question was originally launched by the Pact of London of 1915, as a result of which Italy threw over the Triple Alliance and entered the war on the Allied side. Article 13 promised that in the event of Britain and France receiving territorial additions in Africa as a result of Allied victory, Italy might claim some equitable compensation, particularly as regards the settlement in her favor of the questions relative to the frontiers of the Italian colonies of Eritrea, Somaliland, and Libya, and the neighboring colonies belonging to France and Great Britain. As a step in the fulfilment of the Pact of London, the Treaty of Versailles, Article 119, transferred to the Allies all Germany's colonial rights for their disposal.

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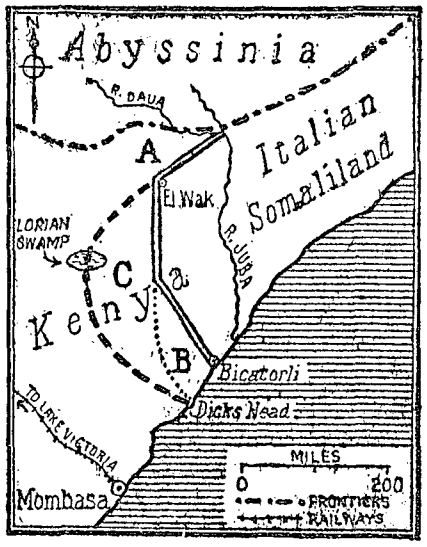
Since the armistice certain exchanges have taken place between Britain and Italy, during the course of which Italian claims have expanded. During the Paris Conference of 1919 Lord Milner, on behalf of the British Government, made an offer to Italy of a corner of Kenya Colony.



(See the double line on the map.) It is important in the British view to keep the tribes under Italian jurisdiction quite separate from those under British jurisdiction. The Milner line was purposely drawn through desert country away from the wells. The Somaliland and Kenya tribes are in any case inclined to fight over the possession of the wells; they would be the more inclined if a new frontier were drawn which made it necessary for one or the other to cross the frontier for water.

In answer to the Milner proposal the Italian Government of Signor Scialoja suggested the expansion of the frontier so as to include the strips of territory marked A and B on the accompanying map. It was understood in April, 1920, when the Scialoja claim was made, that the British Government was willing to concede the strip B, and every British Government since then has informally maintained this position. The Italian Government at the same time dropped its claim to the strip A. Signor Mussolini made a further claim for a slice of territory (marked C on the map), which included the Lorian Swamp, which claim was refused on the following two grounds:

1. That if the claim were conceded the Kenya tribes would have to cross the frontier to obtain their water at the Lorian Swamp, and any conflicts that might arise would become not merely an inter-tribal affair but an international affair between Britain and Italy.

2. One of the main trade routes for Kenya passes through the territory C.

Hitherto both the British and Italian governments had wanted to interlock the Jubaland and Dodecanese problems, the British because of their interests as a Mediterranean Power and of their sense of the injustice done to Greece by the Italian occupation of the islands; the Italian because Signor Mussolini had revoked the promises to Greece, such as that of the Venizelos-Tittoni agreement, as a lever for exacting satisfaction elsewhere, especially in Jubaland. Early this year, however, Italian diplomacy began to regard the existing Italian hold over Rhodes as more attractive than any possible British concessions in Jubaland. This change made it easy and inevitable for Mr. MacDonald to give up the Dodecanese aspect of the question and to offer Italy the Scialoja (but not the Mussolini) line in Jubaland. This offer has now been accepted, and one European problem has been wiped from the slate. The question of the Ægean Islands, however, is left suspended and it is hoped that Italy will now settle with Greece.

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